

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

it possible to be converted to evil as well as to good? If it is possible what should we call a conversion to evil? Perversion is another thing and will not do.

Professor James WARD believes that conversion to evil often occurs, but he does not give it a name. He does not even offer an example. For the only case he cites he goes to fiction. It is the case of the Duke of Gloucester in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*

'Unable, owing to his personal deformities and repelling appearance, to take a leading part in the frivolous court life of the early years of his mother's reign, Gloucester ends his soliloquy in the last scene of the play with the resolve :

And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

indeed he proved. "I am a villain" are almost his last words the night before his death on Tower Hill.

Is it a genuine case of conversion? It is not. It could not be. For conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit of God. And whatever you believe about the authorship of evil, you do not believe

that the Holy Spirit has an active part in a man's moral suicide. The absence of the Holy Spirit, the quenching of the Holy Spirit—that may be the occasion, but not His presence and operation.

But does Professor WARD, as a psychologist believe in conversion at all? The question is worth asking. For in recent years we have been very circumspect in the use of that word, and the psychologists have been the cause of our circumspection.

He does believe in it.

Professor WARD has published a great book on psychology. In a preface, which is amusingly confessional, he tells the whole story of the way by which it has come to its present form. 'Just forty years ago, that is in 1878—when I began lecturing on Psychology—the plan of the book was laid down.' Some chapters were written and were either received or rejected by magazine editors. Six years later the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* persuaded him to write the article on 'Psychology' for the ninth edition. 'I rashly sacrificed my book to the offer, and so, as it has turned out, destroyed one of the dreams of my life.'

'The article was begun late in 1884 and com-

pleted in 1885; then, in 1902, a supplementary article was prepared for the tenth edition of the *Encyclopædia*; and finally, in 1908, these with omissions and additions were hastily amalgamated into the new article of the present or eleventh edition. For here again circumstances were untoward. I had at first declined to undertake this, pointing out the advisability of an entirely new article, which at the time I was not disposed to attempt, and recommending a younger man well fitted to take my place. Some two years later, however, the obdurate editor with many compliments begged me to reconsider my decision, but telling me plainly that—in default of a revised article from me—he meant just to reprint the old ones as they were. Finding that his threat could be legally upheld, I yielded to his importunity. Thus the final article like the first one was done in a hurry.

It was in 1894 that Professor WARD finally abandoned the dream of his life, the writing of an entirely new book on psychology. But the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was greatly in demand and hard to obtain. 'In view of this demand I stipulated that I should be at liberty to use the articles as the basis for a new book. This permission was readily granted by the proprietors of the copyright; but on the understanding that the book should be about a third longer and not sold below a certain price.'

'Accordingly, in the spring of 1913, when arrangements for this book were made, my intention was to meet the general wish for a reissue of the *Encyclopædia* article and at the same time to satisfy the demands of the proprietors by enlarging it from material already more or less in shape. On the prescribed scale some three-quarters of the article were expanded within about a year, bringing the book down to the end of chapter xi. Owing to the exigencies of space, the sections of the article dealing with experience at the self-conscious and social level had been unduly compressed. Hence the remaining chapters (xii.-xviii.), forming

almost a third of the book, are, with the exception of a few pages, entirely new; and the last two were no part of the original plan.'

That is the story. And this is the book. Verily a magnificent book and worthy of its outward appearance. Worthy also of being the first volume of a new series of books to be called 'The Cambridge Psychological Library.' Its own title is *Psychological Principles* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 21s. net).

It is at the very end of this book that Professor WARD declares his belief in conversion. He has been speaking of character, and he is led to ask the question whether in the formation of character such a thing as a crisis can ever occur. His answer is that a crisis occurs frequently. 'Crises,' he says, 'in the development of personality are the rule rather than the exception.' And of such crises the most notable instance is what 'is familiarly known in religious experience as conversion or "second birth."'

Professor WARD does not say that every religious crisis in life is a true conversion. As we have already seen, such a crisis may be a mere resolve, and may be a resolve to do ill, not well. More than that, the 'change of heart' is often deceptive and has only a temperamental origin. But 'some times at any rate it is genuine.'

What is the test? You expect Professor WARD to say the man's moral life. But he does not say so. For he is a psychologist. And as a psychologist he takes account of much more than a man's outward conduct. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' No doubt. And conduct is the most obvious fruit and will always be the popular test of the sincerity of a man's claim to conversion. But the claim is to far more than acts that are in accordance with the moral law. It is a claim to be above law. And that claim, says Professor WARD, is justly made.

'They *were* superior to the weakness of the flesh, the fear of men and the temporal anxieties that held so many in bondage, leading perhaps to the self-loathing and self-despair" from which this new "birth" is the deliverance. Thus, for these religious geniuses at any rate, "the divided self" ceased to be, and the inner peace and unity they confessed to have found, appeared in its stead. With a single eye and a single aim their whole being seemed full of light and joy. At one in mind and will with the ground of all reality and the source of all good, as they conceived it, what had they to fear, whoever might be against them? They stood fast, strenuously devoted through life and faithful in death to the widest, deepest and highest that they knew, or indeed—when all is said and done—that it has entered into the heart of man to conceive.'

It may be said that the God-consciousness which they trust to is not verifiable. It is after all no knowledge. It is only faith. Professor WARD maintains, and he says he must maintain it emphatically, that that makes no difference. As a psychologist, he holds that that to which men attain by faith is higher than that to which they attain by knowledge. 'Reaching by subjective perception [he speaks as a psychologist] to the supreme in the scale of values, we must regard them as so far attaining to the highest rank as personalities; their world was circumscribed by no selfish interests, since they loved God, in whom and by whom and for whom were all things.'

The great demand of the day is for adaptation. The ancient faith must be made to fit the modern mind. But what if the modern mind is mistaken? Even the effort to make the ancient faith fit it will end in accommodation. And adaptation is not, but accommodation is wrong.

The modern mind is represented by Canon GLAZEBROOK. You might say it is officially represented by him. For he is Chairman of the

Council of the Churchmen's Union, and was chosen to write the first of a series of books to be called 'The Modern Churchman's Library.' He wrote the book entitled *The Faith of a Modern Churchman*.

Four statements of the ancient faith are unacceptable to Canon GLAZEBROOK as they stand. Take them from the Apostles' Creed. They are: (1) He descended into hell; (2) He ascended into heaven; (3) And sitteth at the right hand of God; (4) The resurrection of the flesh. Canon GLAZEBROOK demands that each of these statements should be made to fit his modern mind. The Right Rev. Frederic Henry CHASE, Bishop of Ely, says that his demand is not adaptation but accommodation.

The Bishop of Ely has written a book about it. The title is *Belief and Creed* (Macmillan; 3s. net). First of all he sent a letter to Canon GLAZEBROOK and published it. Dr. GLAZEBROOK replied in the *Times*. This book reprints both letters and then discusses the whole subject.

Everything turns on the question whether the four clauses of the Creed already quoted are to be interpreted literally or symbolically. Do they represent historical facts, or do they represent spiritual ideas thrown into a historical form? Canon GLAZEBROOK would say they were once understood literally; now they can only be understood symbolically.

Take the clause, 'Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.' The Bishop of Ely says that 'beyond all dispute these words are a categorical affirmation that our Lord, without the intervention of a human father, was born of a Virgin.' Canon GLAZEBROOK says that they express no more than the fact of the Incarnation. Or take the clause, 'The third day he rose again from the dead.' This, says Dr. CHASE, admittedly means that the body of the Lord was raised from the dead on the third day after death.

Canon GLAZE BROOK admits the meaning but denies the fact. He finds in the clause a symbolical representation of a spiritual truth, the truth that 'the Lord survived death, and that in the hour of His death His spirit, clothed in a spiritual body, went to God.'

The books which have been written since the war began on the fate of the men who have fallen have been very many. It is not surprising. For, besides the desire to find comfort for those who mourn, and strength for those who are weak in faith, there is the sense that our whole doctrine of salvation is in the furnace.

Our doctrine is that salvation is by faith in Christ. We may not be asked the question in the exact words of the Philippian jailer, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' but we have no other answer to give than the answer which was given to him, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now we know that of the men who fell only an insignificant fraction could with any truth be said to have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. What has become of the rest? And what has become of our theology?

The matter has now begun to trouble America. It is the surest of all signs that America also has been in the furnace. A book has been written about *God in a World at War* by Dr. Douglas Clyde MACINTOSH, Dwight Professor of Theology in Yale University (Allen & Unwin; 1s. 6d. net), in which the great simple issues are discussed with American plainness of speech.

Professor MACINTOSH makes no claim for the soldier's religion. He calls it 'trench-religion,' and he has no more respect for 'trench-religion' than he has for 'death-bed repentance.' 'It sometimes has a discernibly permanent effect; but, speaking generally, it tends to disappear when the danger is over. It is a well-known fact that when troops are expecting, in the course of a few hours, to go into action, it is not a difficult thing to get

them, almost to a man, to partake of the sacraments of the Church. But the writer can say from his own observation in a camp made up of veterans who had been for some months—in hospital, convalescent home, and command depot—away from the front lines, that the number of men remaining for the Communion service after "Church parade" was commonly not more than from two to five per cent. of the total number present. And this characteristically frank confession was made by an officer: "When I was in the trenches, I prayed like a good one; but a week later, when I was back in billets, I didn't care a damn for religion."

Professor MACINTOSH agrees with others in declaring that the ordinary attitude of the soldier to religion is fatalism—"the well-known fatalism of the trenches." 'Realizing how little any one at "the real front" can do, through prayer or in any other way, to guarantee his immunity from death, he finds comfort in the thought that the time and manner of his death are settled beforehand. And so, with the thought, "What's the use of worrying?" he learns to do his daily duty with a firm scorn of the constant menace of death.'

And Dr. MACINTOSH prefers this attitude. 'It is often the soldier's way, crude and inadequate though it may be, of expressing his self-commitment to an overruling providence. It may even be the soldier's "camouflage" for a faith that might have been expressed in the familiar words "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." In any case, there are many—and I have four chaplains among them—who feel that it is the only thing that makes life tolerable at the front.'

But it is not satisfactory. It is not enough for the soldier and it is not enough for our theology. For one thing, it throws the emphasis on the time of the death, not on the manner of it. But it matters little *when* one dies, as compared with *how* one dies. It is the truth that through self-surrender to God and dependence upon Him

can become inwardly or spiritually prepared whatever duty he may have to do and whatever danger he may be called upon to face.'

This attitude has not been unknown. It was well expressed by a young Canadian soldier, Ernest Garside Black, before he went into action at the great battle of the Somme in 1916:

God of Battles, now that time has come
Which in the pregnant months in camp has
been
the goal of everything, my hope, my fear,
The peril of the thing as yet unseen:

Let fear and wounds and death may pass me
by,
It is not the boon, O Lord, for which I pray;
I having put the rim within my lips,
I do not ask to put the cup away.

Thou grant the heart that Thou hast given me
May in the hour of peril never fail,
And that my will to serve and do my part
May ever o'er my will to live prevail.

Thou knowest, Lord, my soul doth not fear
death,
Although my body craves to live its span;
Help me to grapple with my body's fear,
And grant, O Lord, that I may play the man.

This opens the way to Professor MACINTOSH's position. He holds that the soldier is a son of God. He does not say unequivocally that all the soldiers are sons of God. He uses the words, 'These brave lads in the trenches.' But certainly it suggests no exception. 'These brave lads in the trenches,' he says, 'are all of them well-beloved sons of God. When one has watched the soldiers marching up to the trenches, stern and thoughtful, pushing straight ahead through the gathering night of the unknown that awaits them; when one has seen them with the guns and on the fire-step; when one has seen them returning from the

trenches, as the writer saw them by the thousand in the great battle of the Somme, for example, some of them from two days' fighting, in which a trench had been captured from the enemy, consolidated and held against heavy shell fire and three counter-attacks; when one has looked upon the sublime spectacle of these rain-soaked, mud-beplastered men from the field of battle, haggard and ready to drop from exhaustion, but ready to help one another, considerate, grateful for the least word or act of kindness, uncomplaining and cheery, with an air of spiritual content about them; or when one has seen the freshly wounded in the dressing stations bearing their pain and their ghastly mutilations with quiet fortitude, and when one reflects that it is the chastisement of our peace that has been laid upon them, and that with their stripes we are healed, one cannot escape the conviction that out of the world's groaning and travelling in pain there has come a revealing of the sons of God. If these gallant soldier-lads are not sons of God, there are no sons of God among us.'

But Professor MACINTOSH knows very well that such a doctrine of sonship is very different from the New Testament doctrine. He tries to save himself and his doctrine immediately. He says: 'There is much that is far from perfect in them, no doubt; they are sinful sons of men, and many of them will have to suffer the bitter consequences of their sins. They need the regenerating power of God, like the rest of us; they need to become consciously, and by their own free decision, sons of God in a fuller and more intimate sense of the term. But after one has come to know them as they are, at their best and at their worst, one does not wonder any more that God should love sinners. In spite of everything they are already, in a very real sense of the word, God's sons; and His likeness can be seen in their faces, marred with the grime and blood of battle for a just and holy cause.'

But he has really thrown the doctrine of salvation by faith away. And he sees it. He goes

back to the Gospels. He goes to the parables. 'There is a parable of two sons, both of whom were bidden by their father to go and work in the vineyard. One of them replied, "I go, sir," but he went not. The other said, "I will not," but he afterwards repented and went. Performance without profession *versus* profession without performance. After all it is performance that counts. There are some who, in those far-off days before the war, professed to be in a special relation of sonship to God, and promised to be obedient to His will. And then the time of testing came, and they "went not." But these others, many of them, in those bygone days never ventured much in the way of profession or promise. But when the time for devoting their lives to the sacred Cause arrived, they responded to the call and "went." Of the two sorts of "sons," which were the ones who *did* the will of their father?'

So then it is not 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' It is 'Inasmuch as ye did it. . . . Come, ye blessed of my Father.' Or are these two one?

The attitude of Science to Religion we know; what is the attitude of Philosophy? Turn to the Gifford lecturer.

The latest Gifford lecturer to publish his lectures is the Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, W. R. SORLEY, Litt.D., LL.D. The lectures were delivered in Aberdeen in 1914 and 1915. Their title as published is *Moral Values and the Idea of God* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 16s. net).

The title brings God and man together. Now in the coincidence of God and man the first question of importance is the question of human freedom. It is also the last. For if we see our way to a restful doctrine of freewill we see all that we need to see on earth. We can really 'tell what God and man is.'

We believe that we are free. We act upon the belief. When a rumour comes (as it used to come from the trenches) that we are the toys of chance or fate, we receive a disagreeable shock of surprise. And we protest. For if we are not free, there is no morality. And if there is no morality, it were better simply not to be.

We believe that we are free. But is it merely a popular working belief? What does Philosophy say? The latest philosophy is with us. 'If there is no freedom in man's volition, and each act is rigidly determined by his inherited disposition and his environment, then it is plain that every act of man is really caused by that being who is the author at once of his nature and of the world in which he lives. To his Creator, and only to his Creator, it ought to be imputed. And, if this is so, we are left without any kind of hypothesis by which to explain the preference of the worse to the better course, or to render that preference consistent with the goodness of God.'

That is Professor SORLEY. And it is a real freedom that he offers us. It is a freedom which accounts for the actual choice of evil when good might have been chosen.

That is so far well. It is well for man. But what of God? If man can do evil and God is not the author of it, things must occur in the universe which are not due to God's will. Professor SORLEY grants it. Then God has chosen to limit Himself? Professor SORLEY grants it again. But he will not allow that that means a finite God. For it seems to him that the God who creates free beings, and so limited Himself, is a God of a higher range of power and perfection than a God who might have created beings whose 'every thought and action are pre-determined by their Creator.'

Is there any limit to man's freedom? There is. It is incredible that God should limit Himself in creating a being who is limitless. The freedom

man's will is limited on two sides. It is limited on the side of nature and it is limited on the side of God.

First it is limited on the side of nature. And that both by heredity and by environment. The range of selection open to a man 'is limited by the experience which gives content to his life, as well as by the inherited tendencies which are his from the beginning of his career. These afford ample opportunity for freedom in the development of his activity, but not unrestricted openings for any and every kind of life. A man cannot at will choose to be a mathematician, an artist, a statesman, or even a millionaire. But there is one form of activity which is never closed, and that is the realization of moral values: one choice before every man, the choice of good or evil.'

But the more important limitation is from the side of God. Man is limited by God's purpose. For God has a purpose for the Universe; and the life of man, of every man, falls within it. Do not imagine that God is content to wait and see. He sees the end from the beginning, and the end that He foresees He accomplishes. He accomplishes through men. And men, exercising their freedom of choice, so exercise it that the eternal purpose of God is not thwarted.

Here then we have this curious situation. God is continually working out His purpose for the world (including every man in it), a purpose finally fulfilled; and at the same time every man in the world is exercising his actual freedom of choice, sometimes in harmony with and sometimes in opposition to the will of God. It follows that the free choice must serve God's purpose and not the good choice alone. How can that be?

We see at once how it can be when we remember that at the struggle with evil, the fall and rise again, is the very method whereby man climbs to his manhood. Listen to the language of the philosopher: 'The struggle and pain of the world are

the lot of the good as well as of the evil. But if they can be turned to the increase and refinement of goodness, to the lessening and conquest of evil, then their existence is not an insuperable obstacle to the ethical view of reality; it may even be regarded as an essential condition of such a view. Account for it how we may, the fact remains that the heroes and saints of history have passed through much tribulation, and that man is made perfect only by suffering;

But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.'

But this struggle cannot go on for ever. Pain and anguish are not the eternal purpose of God for man. What will the end be? The end must be peace with God and joy in the holy spirit of God. And that is secured for the struggling sinner (as well as for the struggling saint) by the presence of God in all the struggle and the offer of His grace.

The offer of His grace. Is that not purely a theological phrase? Professor SORLEY is not ashamed to use it. For his conception of God includes the Presence of God always, and the Presence of God means His help in every time of need. But it is help and not absorption; it is an offer and not coercion. 'In meeting and welcoming the divine grace man's spirit is not passive but responsive; and the divine influence comes as a gift and not by compulsion. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," said the Master. Entry is craved, not forced. And there is a secret shrine prepared for His advent:

This sanctuary of my soul
Unwitting I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou shouldst care
To enter or to tarry there.'

Is this a clumsy way of reaching the end? It is God's way, and therefore not clumsy. For all God's ways are pleasantness. And it is the way of manhood. How otherwise should we be men?

I searched awhile the earth and skies
To learn that secret thing which lies
Untold in tender creatures' eyes,
That wonder on itself intent,
That expectation which is pent
With memory sad and innocent.

That fearful pity, that most fair
Exceeding pathos of love's care,
That beauty deeper than despair;
And oft I answered as I sought,
'Would God by gentle means had wrought
For perfect beauty of His thought!'

If He had power and command
To make the beauty that He planned
At once without this heavy hand,

Why thus by process long and slow
With warp of pain and woof of woe
Weaves He life's piecey fabric so?

Yet in the lovely fragments left
Littered upon the broken web,
In beauty beautifully bereft,
I saw with still entranced soul,
Like one who sees fresh dreams unroll,
More than perfection of the whole!

The dule and sadness of our lot
Like passing clouds I had forgot.
Even God's wrath I heeded not.
But in an ecstasy I cried,
'Beauty hath more than justified
What means soe'er He hath applied!'

The Kingdom of God in the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

BY THE REV. HAROLD SMITH, M.A., ST. JOHN'S HALL, HIGHBURY.

THE Kingdom of God (or 'of Heaven') was the great subject of our Lord's teaching. In fact all His teaching may be considered to deal with some aspect of the Kingdom, which is often given as its general theme—*e.g.* Mt 4²³, and esp. in Lk 4⁴³ 8¹ 9¹¹, so Ac 1³. It is not easy to find some general conception which will cover all these aspects, for the Kingdom is not merely inward, not merely eschatological, not merely ecclesiastical. But probably the starting-point of all is the Sovereignty or Rule of God, whether recognized by the individual, or shown in history, or realized in a community; whether now present and at work, or on its final full display.

It is of some interest to see how the Ante-Nicene Fathers understood the phrase.

Origen sees clearly that 'Kingdom of God' and 'Kingdom of Heaven' are synonymous (Frag. on Jn 3⁶). 'The Kingdom of God means the constitution (*κατάστασις*) of those who live orderly according to His laws. But this will have its abode in an appropriate place, I mean in heaven. But since here it is called "Kingdom of God," but in Matthew "Kingdom of Heaven," we must say

that Matthew has named it from its subjects or the place in which they are, but John and Luke from its King, God. So when we speak of the Kingdom of the Romans we designate it through its subjects and from its place in the world.'

He is inclined to lay more stress than other Fathers do on its aspect of the rule of God in the individual Christian; and the thought that the Kingdom is Christ Himself, though shared with others, is found most in him. So on Mt 3² (Cramer's Catena) 'we find John the first to mention "the Kingdom of Heaven," which is Christ'; on 4¹⁷ (Possinus' Catena) 'The Kingdom of Heaven is Christ and a virtuous life.' In his Commentary on this Gospel, tome xiv. 7, on 18²⁸ he says: 'The Son of God is the Kingdom of Heaven. As He is Wisdom itself, Righteousness itself, and Truth itself, so also the Kingdom itself. The Kingdom is of all the things above which are called "heavens."' In Mt 5³: "theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" may mean "Christ is theirs." He reigns in every thought of the man over whom sin no longer reigns; He reigns as Righteousness and Wisdom and Strength and the other virtues, over

him who has become heaven by wearing the image of the Heavenly.'

So again on Mt 11¹¹ (Frag. given by Gallandi), Origen connects 'Kingdom of Heaven' not with 'less' but with 'greater.' 'The lesser is Christ, who was lesser in the opinion of His hearers. But the Kingdom of Heaven, *i.e.* in all spiritual, heavenly, and divine things, Christ is greater than John. But the Kingdom of Heaven is Christ Himself, exhorting all to repentance, and drawing them to Himself through grace.'

It may be said here that Mt 11¹² is taken according to the interpretation of the A.V., and in good sense, by Irenæus, Clement, and Origen. E.g. Clement (*Rich Man*, 4) says: 'The Kingdom of God does not belong to the sleepers or the lazy, but "the violent carry it off"; for this alone is good violence, to force (*βιάσασθαι*) God, and carry off the Kingdom from God. But He, knowing those who lay claim violently, or rather stedfastly (*βιαίως ἢ μᾶλλον, ἐβίως*), has given way to them; God delights to be worsted in such things.' I have found no trace of any other interpretation of this passage on Origen's work 16¹⁶.

On the often quoted verse, Lk 17²¹ 'The Kingdom of God is within you,' or 'in your midst,' Tertullian, Origen (once), Peter of Alexandria, and Athanasius compare Dt 30¹⁴: 'The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart'—or the quotation Ro 10¹⁰. But applications differ. Tertullian (*Marcion* iv. 35), who reads '*intra vos*,' interprets as 'in your hand, in your power, if you fear, if you do the command of God.' So Cyprian (*Test.* iii. 52): 'Freedom to believe or not to believe is in our own choice'; and Origen (*Numbers*, hom. xxiv.): 'Within us is the opportunity for salvation . . . the ability of conversion'; and Athanasius (*Nations*, 30). But Origen's usual interpretation is rather of God's rule within; *e.g.* *Shua*, Hom. xiii. 1: 'Our soul may become the dwelling of God, and God may reign in it'; *Jeremiah*, hom. xviii. 2: 'The saint can have in himself the Lord, who is everywhere'; *Luke*, Hom. xxxvi.: 'The Saviour does not say to all men, "The Kingdom of God is within you," since in sinners there is the dominion of sin. Without doubt there rules in our heart either the kingdom of sin or the kingdom of God, cp. Ro 6¹². If any one of us longs for the Kingdom of God, he is ruled by Him.'

In one or two passages Origen interprets the phrase to mean the Scriptures, or rather their true

meaning. So on Mt 21⁴³: 'The Vineyard can hardly mean the People, as it does in Is 5; but is perhaps the Kingdom of God—the same as the teaching of the Scripture along with the special care (*ἐπισκοπή*) of God. V.⁴³ clearly shows that the mysteries of the Kingdom of God are meant by the vineyard . . .' So *Jeremiah*, Hom. xiv. 12: 'This, said by the Saviour, has been fulfilled. How has the Kingdom of God been taken from them? The meaning of the Scripture has been taken from them; no longer is there preserved with them the interpretation of the Law or Prophets, for they read without understanding.' So *Romans*, Book ii. 14: 'By the Kingdom of God He means the understanding of the Law, which was taken from the Jews, the letter of the Law alone remaining with them; and was given to the Gentiles, who may by faith be able to bear the fruit of the Spirit.'

It is only rarely that Origen makes the Kingdom refer to the future; *e.g.*, *Romans*, Book v. 3: 'In the Lord's Prayer we are taught to pray "Thy Kingdom come," as though it has not yet come. The present time is not so much that of the Kingdom as of war by which the future Kingdom is sought.'

The general difference between him and Tertullian comes out plainly in their comments on this clause of the Lord's Prayer, in their respective treatises on 'Prayer.' Origen, after referring to Lk 17^{20, 21} continues: 'It is clear that he who prays for the Kingdom of God to come prays for the Kingdom of God to arise in him and bear fruit and be perfected, so that every saint is ruled over by God and obeys the spiritual laws of God, administering himself as a well-ordered city, the Father being present with him and Christ reigning with the Father in the perfected soul. . . . The highest point of the Kingdom of God in us will come to those who are continually progressing, when Christ, all His enemies being subdued to Him, will deliver up the Kingdom to God the Father. The Kingdom of God is incompatible with the kingdom of sin. If we wish God to reign over us, let not sin reign in our mortal body, but let us bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.'

But with Tertullian the main thought is eschatological. 'When does not God reign, in whose hand is the heart of all kings? . . . If the manifestation of the Lord's Kingdom belongs to the will of God and to our own expectation, how do any pray for some protraction of this world, whereas

the Kingdom of God, which we pray may come, belongs to the end of the world? We want to reign more speedily and to be no longer servants. Even if it had not been laid down in the Prayer to ask for the coming of the Kingdom, we should have uttered the word of our own accord, hastening to embrace our hope. Cp. Rev 6¹⁰. May Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, most speedily—the prayer of Christians, the confusion of the heathen, the exultation of angels.’

Cyprian (*Lord's Prayer*, xiii. 10) is comprehensive and practical. ‘We ask that the Kingdom of God may be manifested to us. For when does not God reign? we ask for the coming of our kingdom, promised us by God, won by Christ's Blood and Passion, that we who have been servants in this world may hereafter reign under the Lordship of Christ, as He Himself promises (Mt 25³⁴). And it may be that Christ Himself is the Kingdom of God, whom we daily desire to come, whose coming we wish soon to be manifested to us. For since He is the Resurrection, because we rise again in Him, so He may be understood by the Kingdom of God, because we are to reign in Him. But we do well in seeking the Kingdom of God, that is, the heavenly Kingdom, because there is also an earthly kingdom; but he who has already renounced the world is superior to its honours and kingdom. Therefore he who dedicates himself to God and Christ longs not for earthly but for heavenly kingdoms.’

It is possible that the personal application of the clause may go back to a century beyond Origen. Instead of ‘Thy Kingdom come,’ Gregory of Nyssa and Cod. 700 have in Luke ‘May thy Holy Spirit

come upon us and cleanse us.’ This was read also in Marcion, but apparently in place of ‘Hallowed be thy Name.’ It is a natural interpretation of either clause. If the Kingdom is interpreted not ecclesiastically nor eschatologically, but of the rule of God in the individual heart and life, the presence and work of the Holy Spirit is a very natural explanation. At all events, this is given quite independently in the paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer attached to the ‘Old Version’ of the Psalms; it is ascribed to ‘D. Coxe,’ whom Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* is inclined to identify with Bishop Cox of Ely; but it is a rendering of a paraphrase of Luther's: ‘Thy Kingdom come even at this hour And henceforth everlastingly; Thy Holy Ghost upon us pour With all His gifts most plenteously.’

Thus in these Fathers—at least as far as their comments on passages on the Gospels are concerned—the distinct ecclesiastical interpretation hardly appears. Conceptions vary between the inward rule of God and the manifestation of this rule at the End; the former is more prominent in Origen, the latter in the Latin Fathers. But often the exact idea is not clear; it seems to mean generally ‘salvation’ or ‘the way of salvation.’ Some passages are of course obviously eschatological, as in Lk 21³¹—where Cyprian has a good comment (*Mortality*, 2): ‘The Kingdom of God begins to be nigh at hand—the reward of life and the joy of eternal salvation and perpetual gladness and the possession of Paradise, once lost, are now coming as the world passes away. Already heavenly things are replacing earthly, great replacing small, and eternal the transient.’

Literature.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

POSSESSORS of the four volumes of *The English Poets*, edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, will be pleased to hear of the issue of a fifth volume (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). It is a volume of 650 pages, and gives us estimates of and selections from the poets who are likely to live, from Browning to Rupert Brooke. It would be easy to suggest additions—Sorley, for example, at the very end—

but a selection had to be made of poets as well as of poetry, and for our part we are well content.

The selection is left to the writers of the estimates. And that gives the writers of the estimates much importance. Who does Browning?—Mrs. Margaret L. Woods; Matthew Arnold?—the editor himself; Tennyson?—Sir Richard C. Jebb. It does not seem as if Mr. Ward himself had supreme gifts for such characterization as is expected here—short, just, memorable—though he has made

himself responsible for twelve of the estimates. But he writes sensibly enough, and his selections are as representative as any.

The most piquant of all the editors is Mr. John Drinkwater. Sometimes he is a little wicked; he is never dull. Even when he is good he is interesting. Of Frederic Myers he says: 'With secondary poetic qualities he was well equipped; he had an earnest curiosity about life, wide and liberal knowledge, a sensitive and individual rhythmical gift, considerable grace of style, and spiritual dignity; and when he was visited by the clearer poetic mood, and was not misled by his too volatile imagination, these fine natural gifts were ready to the service of his inspiration, and he wrote shapely verse, infused at its best with a generous temper and real tenderness, and now and again moving with great delicacy, as in the subtle arrangement of the last line of:

Across the ocean, swift and soon,
This faded petal goes,
To her who is herself as June,
And lovely, and a rose.'

More than that, Mr. Drinkwater tells us a little about poetry, which the rest of the writers rarely do. He is fine on Philip Bourke Marston. In the middle of his estimate he says this: 'To the expression of an extremely delicate susceptibility and sometimes of a thrilling passion, he brought a just and varied sense of word-values and an artistic discretion that rarely failed him, so that his work is hardly ever without a distinct and personal beauty. But, also, it is hardly ever bracing, and poetry, even in its forlorn moods, should brace. This same central infirmity kept him, in most of his poems, from achieving those radiant touches, living in the use of a word or the turn of a syllable, half chance and almost remote from reason, that so often makes the difference between a poem in which it is difficult or impossible to find a flaw, and one that is of manifest excellence. This is strikingly so in most of Marston's sonnets, of which he wrote a large number. In reading through them we find great technical sureness; more than that, we are constantly aware of a fine poetic temper, that keeps us securely above any feeling of tediousness, and we gladly allow a sweet musical movement. But it is only very rarely that we are stirred to the delighted admiration that greets those fortunate strokes that are a poet's chief glory. We

feel constantly that Marston, charming poet as he was, was within a phrase of being a first-rate one.'

Six humorous poets are named and represented—Thackeray, Frederick Locker, Calverley, J. K. Stephen, A. C. Hilton, and W. S. Gilbert. There is also a Canadian representation, when four are named—Isabella Valancy Crawford, William Henry Drummond, Archibald Lampman, and Harold Verschoyle Wrong. Let us quote and close with a sonnet by Mr. Wrong. All we are told about him is that he was born at Toronto in 1891 and was killed in action at Thiepval on the first day of July 1916.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

The travel birds which journey in the spring

Lust after pleasures of awakened sight;

They rout the weather in a truceless fight,

And swell their souls with joy of buffeting

And constant strife. To know the unknown
thing,

To see the unseeable in God's despite,

To try his strength against another's might,

This set Ulysses to his wandering.

And this we still desire, we, who live

Clamped to the dulness of an ordered round;

'Tis ours to take the best the world can give,

And if the taking slay us on the way

What loss is that? We too were outward
bound

Beyond the narrow shelter of the bay.

CANON BARNETT.

Mrs. Barnett has filled two massive volumes with the story of *Canon Barnett, his Life, Work, and Friends* (Murray; 28s. net). It was not easy to keep within even that limit. Only short and few extracts are given from his letters, though he was a letter-writer. The work done by Canon Samuel Augustus Barnett was prodigious. The variety of it, the difficulty of it, the persistent energy it demanded, the unfaltering faith it exercised—all was on the great scale. And yet the man was always greater than the work he did. A writer in one of the London newspapers spoke of him after his death as one of three really great men whom he had known. He could have known only a fragment of his work, but he knew the man himself.

Barnett never worked alone. The biography is

written by his wife, and it is right well written, quite worthy of a place beside the three great biographies by wives—Kingsley's, Creighton's, Watts'. But Mrs. Barnett was with her husband in everything he did. 'The men pulled (this refers to a holiday in Oxford) and Iffley, Newnham, Godstow, or the Cherwell hearkened to many jokes and much weighty talk—the Canon usually sitting in the bow, and I steering; a parable, perhaps, for in our common work he saw and pointed out where to go, and I knew how to get there.' They even composed his sermons together. 'As in Whitechapel, Oxford, and Bristol we had together prepared the sermons, so the habit continued in Westminster, but there the beauty of the Abbey, the immense congregations, and the contrast between the sounds of the gorgeous music and the one small voice, fanned my husband's ever-active flames of humility until the task seemed to be too great for him.' That seems to say that the sermons were not successful. Evidently Canon Barnett had no gift of delivery, but the sermons always were effective. A hearer says: 'At Westminster Canon Barnett's preaching, though he was never an orator in the ordinary sense of the word, was wonderfully effective. He was heard by crowded congregations with genuine attention. His direct clear speech gave social subjects a reality and interest which even the high standards of the Abbey pulpit too often failed to create.'

But he did his greatest work out of the pulpit. For when he went to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, he found practically no congregation of worshippers, but outside the Church a vast community of sinners and sufferers, and at once recognized the call that his environment made. His biography is a lesson in adaptation.

What did he try? Would you like the list in alphabetic order? Turn to the Indexes—for this biography has three Indexes, one personal, one of subjects, one of names. He tried Children's Country Holiday Fund, Clubs, Educational Agencies, Entertainments, Emigration, Exhibitions, Flower Shows, Garden Suburb, Housing, Lectures, Libraries, Museums, Open Spaces, Relief (with endless schemes), Toynbee Hall Settlement, University Extension. Now one of these 'causes' would have been considered sufficient occupation for any ordinarily energetic husband and wife; they gave personal attention to each one of them, day after day, year after year. And the 'individual

dealing' all this involved, the wear and tear of it, the disappointment, the waiting and watching!

'The following letter was written to a young woman whom in her need we had taken into our household during her preparation for emigration. She had repaid us by rifling the plate-chest, and was so scornful of her sin, that she sent us her photograph wearing some of my jewels. After she had been told that we knew of her wrongdoing, she wrote a letter that was both false and flippant, and to that my husband replied:

"Whitechapel, *March 27th*, 1884.—Your letter expected very anxiously disappoints me. There can be no real repentance when there is still a lie in your mouth. You have now confessed to a theft which has put you in the power of the police, but you have not yet told the truth. We know of other things that you have stolen. I appeal to you to write and tell the truth. It is for your own sake—it little matters about the jewels, for they now can give us nothing but pain—it is for your self's sake you should confess, and make such reparation as you can. Your self is not the wretched, lying creature you now seem; your self as God made you is something good, and it is to your real self I urge you to be true. Be true; dare to tell me everything.

"I am sending your money as you direct. Your conscience will tell you how it should be used. Often and often are you in our thoughts, and our prayers may have reached you many times. As the girl you write of who died on board was buried, we were kneeling in the dining-room overwhelmed by the discovery of your guilt, and praying that God would break the hard, cold crust about your heart to make you sorry and repentant."

The book is crowded with incidents. Only one other must be quoted. It reveals Mrs. Barnett's gift of humour:

'Among the friends made in those days was Mr. Brooke Lambert, who had spent four years as Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, and was then Vicar of Tamworth.

"I am sorry to hear that Barnett means to marry before he goes to East London—wrote Mr. Lambert to Miss Octavia Hill.—The work is onerous and continuous, and a wife can only be an incubance."

'This letter amused Miss Octavia, who sent it to us. About a year after, during Mr. Barnett's severe illness, Mr. Lambert called; and with his

etter in my memory, I went into the drawing-room to receive him, pretending gaucherie.

"Well, Missy," he said, "and who are you?"

"Please, sir," I said, dropping him a mocking curtsey, "I am the incumbrance."

"God bless my soul, are you?" he exclaimed, in some confusion, and then we shook hands and became real friends until he left this earth on January 25th, 1901.

PILLARS OF EMPIRE.

Pillars of Empire is the title which has been given to a book of biography written by Mr. W. L. Courtney and his wife, Mrs. J. E. Courtney (Jarrolds; 15s. net). It is a book written with all that charm of style which alone makes a book a book, though we have very often to accept books without it. And it is as instructive as it is charming.

For, after an introduction in which living politicians—Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill, Grey, Chamberlain, Bonar Law, Lord Derby, Walter Long, and Robert Cecil—are hit off with few but unerring strokes, and a further introduction, from which we learn what Imperialism means and must be, the book is divided into sections, and each section gives a short biographical history of the men who made some particular colony or dependency—Canada, South Africa, Australasia, Egypt and the Sudan, India and the Far East. Thus we have history as well as biography, and as easy knowledge of the British world at this present time as one could conscientiously ask for.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney do not flatter. Yet they are fair. No political bias seems to warp their judgment; no religious or irreligious propensity seems to weaken their authority. A fine tribute of unaffected admiration is offered to the memory of that provoking but patriotic Irishman, Sir George Grey. His work in New Zealand is particularly well described, and it was worth it.

Return to the Introduction. The authors of this book have not a high opinion of the British statesmen to whom so much has at this great time to be committed. Certainly Mr. Lloyd George receives the due reward of his good deeds, and Sir Edward Grey's virtues are appreciated. But read this (as introduction to the estimate of Mr. Austen Chamberlain):

'It is the misfortune of the times in which we

live that our leading politicians are for the most part second-rate. Perhaps this phenomenon is not peculiar to Great Britain: the whole of Europe seems to be suffering from a want of that supreme leadership which wins wars and moulds the destinies of an epoch. The tyranny of the second-rate is the worst of all tyrannies because it has no excuse for its dominion: its lack of intelligence deprives it of the solitary reason why it should extort submission. Under a benevolent and highly intelligent despotism we may sometimes groan but we cannot protest. We acquiesce because we are so obviously in wise and safe hands. But when the second-rate rule, we are perpetually uneasy. We are not persuaded that our fates are supervised with reasonable skill and prudence; we rebel, if we can: and if we cannot, we grumble. That is our condition under the present regime, for with all the good wishes in the world for our pastors and masters we are not satisfied as to their ability or as to their farsightedness. And they, in their turn, not being first-class men, hesitate to act with masterful decision. They ponder and reflect and ask for advice from this quarter or that: and meanwhile through their hesitation the good moment goes. Our politicians have many virtues, especially of the domestic order. They are diligent and laborious and painstaking and, no doubt, conscientious. But they have not that spark of genius which solves problems, nor yet that electric fire of personality which wins willing and instantaneous obedience.'

HUMANISM.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has published his last book. It is a collection of articles and addresses, chosen from the writing and speaking of one of the longest of literary lives, in order to express what he and his fellow-Positivists stand for. The title is *On Society* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

What, then, is Positivism? Notice first that 'the terms Humanism and Positivism are used as practically equivalent,' but that the Positivist is not a Comtist. 'We are not "Comtists." We have nothing to do with "Comtism." We are not even "believers in Comte." We are Positivists, who hold by conviction to a body of Positive, demonstrated, and demonstrable truth which Auguste Comte had reduced to organic unity and provided with its head and heart. Comte is not to us in any sense that which Christ is to the Christians,

or even Mahomet to Mussulmans, and Confucius to Chinamen. His writings are in no sense a Bible, a Koran, a Book of the Law. Comte is to us one of the greatest and maybe the latest, but only one of the great roll of mighty thinkers by whom man's knowledge has been reduced to principles and grouped in order.'

Well, what is Positivism? It is belief in human nature. That single sentence will suffice. It means that human nature has in it the capacity for the highest things. Now Canon Barnett (say), a Christian, believed that. He agreed with Mr. Harrison in repudiating the doctrine of human depravity. He held that every man and woman had a seed of goodness, and he made it his business to give that seed of goodness room and encouragement to grow. But Canon Barnett believed that there is a God who implanted that seed and who is greatly concerned about its growth. What is the difference? The difference is that Canon Barnett (for love of God) spent his life in the East end of London, and there made the seed of good to spring up in many most unlikely soils, while Mr. Harrison has spent his life in lecturing to intellectual audiences about the future of Humanity. Mr. Harrison believes in Humanity (always with a capital); Canon Barnett believed in men and women and little children.

This is the one clear and significant fact about the Positivists. They believe in man and in man only, yet they do nothing for man that can be compared with the work done by Christians who believe both in God and in man. Mr. Harrison criticizes the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and calls its motive low and selfish. He takes it as it is expressed in the Old Testament, ignoring the meaning which Christ gave it; and he forgets that even to the Old Testament Israelite it was one of two commandments. Obey 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and your obedience of 'and thy neighbour as thyself' will be a different thing from the selfish obedience of Mr. Harrison's criticism.

HUDSON TAYLOR.

If Hudson Taylor had not been a missionary what a sensation would have been caused by the publication of this volume with the title of *Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission* (Morgan & Scott; 9s. net). If Hudson Taylor had been a

statesman, for example, there is no doubt whatever that he would have been reckoned one of the few great British statesmen of all time. But if one were to write down the four names, Pitt, Gladstone, Hudson Taylor, Lloyd George, nearly every reader would pounce upon the third name with an astonished, 'Who's that?' And yet Hudson Taylor was a statesman, exercising legislative and administrative authority surpassed in extent and influence by no statesman, at any rate of our time. And it does not make him less a statesman, less foreseeing, less able and wise and influential, that he was backed by no physical authority, but rested entirely upon a moral authority. Nay, the physical authorities were for the most part arrayed against him, and that just because he was a missionary. If he had gone out to China with money and enterprise and had succeeded in covering that vast land with British traders, as he did cover it with British evangelists, his name would have been as familiar to the man in the street as the name of Strathcona or Cecil Rhodes. And yet his influence in China, and through China on the world, will be greater than that of either of these men, and an influence, moreover, that is altogether for good.

There is only one missionary who has obtained a great reputation in the world, but he lived so long ago that it costs us nothing now to build his tomb. We build the tomb of the missionary Paul, and we do not take the trouble even to read the life of the missionary Taylor. And yet the labours of the later apostle were on a vaster scale than those of the earlier. And his sufferings by land and by sea might be described in the well-known catalogue of the earlier martyr's sufferings, with something over as his own peculiar marks of the Lord Jesus. Like the apostle Paul his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, and yet, like him, his personality was more than all his works, and did more for the evangelization of the world.

It is a bulky book this that Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor have written, and, as we know, it is only the second half of Hudson Taylor's life. But it must be read right through for the good that is in it. Let your mind bathe in the influence of it. Take the plunge right into the godly atmosphere of it. There is a Presence which pervades it from beginning to end, and which gives rest and peace. To read this book sympathetically is to live in close fellowship with that Presence.

We have compared Hudson Taylor with St. Paul. Let us make one deduction. He did not, and probably could not, write letters like those to the Romans and the Ephesians. His theology was extremely simple and quite unspeculative. Perhaps you might say that some of it is already out of date. On the other hand, he had some characteristics of which we read nothing in the Apostle Paul. He had a passionate love of nature, and he had a wonderful way of winning the hearts of little children.

"He was just beautiful with little ones," wrote his hostess, Mrs. Fagg, formerly of Singapore. He took each child in our home, and, kneeling with them apart, presented them one by one to his heavenly Father for definite blessing. . . . Two of those children are now engaged in missionary work, one in India and one in China." It was the sister, little Edith, only three years old at the time of Mr. Taylor's visit, who remembered him with special affection. A year or two later, when she achieved the triumph of knitting a doll's garment, nothing would do but that it must be sent to China, to Mr. Taylor—"Cause I love him so!"

THE GERMANS IN THE MAKING.

Under the title of *Rhyme and Revolution in Germany*, Mr. J. G. Legge has published a history of Germany from 1813 to 1850 (Constable; 15s. 6d.). The history of Germany, he says, 'since the year of Liberation in 1813, when the German peoples rose as one nation to shake off the yoke of Napoleon, may be conceived of as a vast trilogy, the subject of which is more tremendous even than that of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*. The first part dramatically complete is that which covers the period between 1813 and 1850. The second part covers the Bismarckian regime, when the constitutional strife died down, but by blood and iron a German unity was achieved, a lesser German unity, for the German provinces of Austria were deliberately excluded. Moreover, the basis was not popular but dynastic, with one dynastic rod, the Hohenzollern, turned serpent, and devouring the others. The third great drama is now unrolling itself before our eyes.'

His work covers the first part of that drama. That is the period, he believes, in which the character of the Germans as we so unhappily know it was formed, and not under Bismarck. But he

does not wish to force his opinion upon us. He gives us the opportunity of judging for ourselves, by reprinting extracts from the literature of the period, well translated and carefully fitted together. He has been able to do this and retain readability. His book may be read as history or used as a storehouse of historical and literary knowledge.

As a mere specimen of his (or his friends') ability in translation take Herwegh's ode on Shelley:

To win his God he double forfeit paid,
Therefore the God he won was doubly dear;
The Eternal never saw a soul so near,
No faith was e'er more strong and unafraid.
His pulse beat warm for all whom God hath
made;

Hope ever sat beside, his course to steer;
And when his anger broke, the flame burnt
clear

And tongues of fire on slaves and tyrants
played.

A spirit of steel in fleshly body pent,
A glowing spark from Nature's altar sprung,
Whereat his England's vulgar scorn was flung;
A heart made drunk with sweet celestial scent,
A father's curse, a woman's love he won;
At last, a star in the wild waves fordone.

One of the strangest chapters is that on Hate. Lissauer had a predecessor in Arndt, the hymn-writer. In 1813 Arndt wrote a poem entitled "The Boy Robert's Vow," of which the two following verses, translated almost literally, form part:

I swear a hot and bloody hate,
And anger that shall ne'er abate,
'Gainst Frenchmen all, the giddy crew,
Whose injuries my land may rue.

O Thou who, throned above the skies,
Bid'st hearts to beat and suns to rise,
Almighty God, be near me now
And help me keep intact this vow!

Arndt meant that this was the right sort of doctrine to instil into a child. About the same date he published a pamphlet entitled *Ueber Volkshasse*, "On a Nation's Hate," subsequently expanded by the addition "and on the Use of a Foreign Language." In this essay occurs the following passage, which many will find it difficult to accept as a genuine extract from the work of any responsible writer:

'A man who has the right sort of love must hate evil and hate it until death. That was Christ's way, who none the less was the meekest One and like a child of Heaven walked joyfully on earth. Know ye not how He rebuked and mocked the hypocrites, the Pharisees; how He was angered when He saw the Temple built at Jerusalem profaned, and overthrew the table of the merchants and the money-changers and drove them out? Can ye feel what a deep and exalted anger was His that enabled Him even on the cross to triumph over wickedness and sin? Did He not say, I came not to send peace, but a sword?'

CHRISTINA FORSYTH.

'He is the greatest of biographers,' says Mr. Frederic Harrison in a pleasant chapter of *Among My Books*, 'because he thoroughly grasped and practised the true principle of biographic work—to make a living portrait of a man's inner nature, not to write the annals of his external acts. The conventional biography records what the person *did*; the true biography reveals what the person *was*.'

By this standard Mr. W. P. Livingstone is a great biographer. With amazingly little material to work upon, he has written the biography of *Christina Forsyth of Fingoland* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), and shows us what she was—nay is, for she is still with us. She gave herself to a turbulent, treacherous, degraded, and debased tribe of South Africa, spending thirty years of her life all alone in an almost inaccessible valley at a village called Xolobe. Why did she do it? 'Mrs. Forsyth,' remarked a trader's wife, 'is a marvellous woman, living all alone like that; it is wonderful what some people will do for a hobby!' That trader's wife's name should have been given. It is the world in one. Why did she do it? The love of Christ constrained her. And if you ask next how she did it and was successful, the answer is, By the prayer of faith.

The Rev. Harry Ranston, M.A., of Kingsland, Auckland, New Zealand, has gone through the New Testament to find what is there said about the Holy Spirit. He takes book by book and sets down its references to the Spirit. Then he begins

again and shows the Spirit at work before and after Pentecost constructively. Finally he goes over the whole ground once more, but now for doctrine and for life. It is a scholar's painstaking and reliable contribution to a difficult subject. No student should be without it, for it will save much toil and give much instruction. The title is *Outline Studies in the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit in the New Testament* (9d. from the author).

At the Cambridge University Press is published a volume of *Studies in Early Indian Thought*, by Dorothea Jane Stephen, S.Th. (6s. net). Some of it has been delivered as lectures in India, and all of it has the swing and go of the successful lecture, as well as the local colour and accuracy of the lecture delivered on the spot. No longer can we afford to be ignorant of the religious ideas which sway the minds of our friends and fellow-fighters in India. It is the first step to our own enlargement; it is the first and a most necessary step to our accomplishing that great task of guidance to higher things which has been laid by God's strange providence upon us. And this small, clear, competent book is as good a general introduction as we are likely to find.

Bishop Azariah and Dr. Farquhar, who jointly edit the 'Heritage of India' series, are choosing their writers skilfully. Dr. A. Berriedale Keith, Regius Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at the University of Edinburgh, has contributed a volume on *The Samkhya System* (Milford; 1s. 6d. net). It is an admirably written book. It gives this Indian philosophy into the hands of the multitude. To missionaries it will be invaluable.

The world is probably of a mind now to listen to 'a discussion of pacifism and the prevention of wars.' So Mr. W. E. Wilson has written a small book and called it *The Foundations of Peace* (Headley; 2s. 6d. net). It is a carefully considered and temperately written book. Mr. Wilson may not have searched the mind of Christ fully. He may make too much of the form of His words and thereby accept as rules of conduct what was given as words of life. But his strong sense of the evil of war will do much, if he is dispassionately and widely read, to strengthen the hands of those

no now desire (with the Old Testament as well as the New) to see wars cease till the end of the world.

The Mary Slessor Calendar (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net) has been gleaned partly out of the well-known biography but more out of letters which have not been published. Its dominant note is trust—trust in Christ which is trust in God. 'Fear not! All is in the hands of loving God.' 'Christ sent me to preach the Gospel and He will look after results.' 'Shall I not follow my Master because my way is not easy and cheap?' Those are three of the days' mottoes.

The first sermon published in Dr. W. M. Macgregor's volume *Repentance unto Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) is an appeal to preachers to teach the essential things. For 'in a world where every one has his allotted time and no more, his measured and numbered chances of helping or of being helped, it is needful that a choice be made, and that life should not be left to straggle out vaguely amongst matters insignificant.'

What are the essential things? 'What is it that counts? What must be taught though much besides be left unspoken? Paul's summary of the essentials of Christian teaching, on its human side, repentance and faith.' The text is Ac 20^{20, 21}.

Others of the sermons have a special appeal, but for the most part they are addresses to ordinary congregations to repent and live a life worthy of repentance. And always there is the direct vision and the telling word. The note of this preacher's teaching is timelessness. You do not ask if he is out of date, for he preaches that which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., is an optimist. He would not otherwise be the popular preacher that he is. But he is a serious optimist. His God's in his heaven' means the recognition that comes from submission and service. He dares not to doubt because he does the will of God. And so we are not surprised that he looks forward, and he does in every one of the sermons in his new book, *Our Only Safeguard* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), to a good time coming. Nor that it is to be a restrained and strenuous time. 'In the new time towards which we are looking—upon which, indeed, we have entered—let us take care not to

hanker too much after the merely marvellous or miraculous, as though it were only the presence of the mysterious and unnatural which are the signs of God. It may very well be, and this is my own view, that the next generation is going to be marked in its finer souls by a return to serious thinking, modest speech, self-control, patience—the mood, in short, which men display who are aware that they are dealing with a difficult matter, but a matter by no means hopeless. I think that we are going to place our confidence not so much in lightning-flashes of the Presence of God, as in the steady growth of good sense, forbearance, kindness, industry. For faith stands to reason. God is Light: though there will always be reserves of lightning about His throne.'

The last book of the Rev. George Congreve, M.A., of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, is appropriately occupied with the hope and joy of old age. It is partly a selection of passages from other writers, partly a record of the author's own thoughts. There is, as the editors say, a certain incompleteness in the book, but somehow that adds to its attractiveness. We seem to prefer that an old man should wander at will among his memories and hopes. To fix them into a system of thought would seem unnatural, almost inhuman. The point is that each chapter is good enough to take by itself—has good things in it, and especially a good atmosphere. The title is *Treasures of Hope for the Evening of Life* (Longmans; 6s. net).

A remarkably clear and reliable description of *The Greek Orthodox Church*—its doctrine, worship, organization, present state, and relation to the Anglican Church—is given in a small book, written by the Rev. Constantine Callinicos, B.D. (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). Our question about any part of the Orthodox Eastern Church is not how learned, but how ignorant, are its priests? Mr. Callinicos answers: 'The Science of Theology is not neglected. The Faculty of Theology in Athens University is steadily improving and keeping pace with the country's general regeneration. Students reading for it are required to have passed examinations in Greek, Latin, Greek and General History, Philosophy, and other ordinary subjects. Then follows a four-year course in Hebrew and Christian Archæology, Christian Art, Comparative Theology, History of Christian Doctrine, History

of Missions, Biblical History, Modern Greek Theological Literature, Church History, Patristics, Old Testament Hebrew, Biblical Criticism and Exegesis, Dogmatics, Symbolics, Apologetics, Ethics, Catechetics, Pastoral Theology, Rhetoric, and Canon Law. The degree D.D. is conferred on candidates who have specially distinguished themselves. The Board of the Faculty consists of twelve theologians, *i.e.* eight professors and four lecturers. Besides the Theological School of Athens there are the two Patriarchal Schools of Constantinople and Jerusalem. They are of equal merit, and their graduates enjoy exactly the same privileges as graduates of Athens.'

In all our efforts at religious reconstruction let us not forget the preaching of the Gospel. Canon Cyril Hepher fears we may forget. If we do, what will all our other remembering and reconstructing come to? But it is a great subject, demanding the forth-putting of all our powers, the down-treading of all our prejudices. We must learn to preach, some of us must learn to preach in the open air. And we must know what the Gospel is.

It is an interesting book that Canon Hepher has written on *The Re-evangelization of England* (Macmillan; 5s. net). It is notable for its harmonious combination of enthusiasm and level-headedness.

The Story of the Scottish Church from the Earliest Times has been written by Mr. Ninian Hill within the compass of one convenient volume (Maclehose; 7s. 6d. net). That is itself an achievement. More than that, however, it has been written so artistically that it is a pleasure to read the book, a pain to lay it down; and yet so accurately that the volume may well serve for future educational purposes—when the time comes that the history of the Church of Christ is thought worthy of a place in our schools. For title we should have preferred 'the Church of Scotland,' or still better 'the Church in Scotland,' all the more that 'the Scottish Church' is the name used by Scottish Episcopalians. Mr. Hill is a member and admirer of the Church of Scotland, and it is significant that he uses the word Disruption and does justice to it. And yet (this one criticism) we doubt if he has discovered the cause of the Disruption.

We ought to add that the book is beautifully

printed on beautiful paper and as beautifully illustrated.

One of the greatest research works of our time was done by *Charles Booth*, of whom a memoir has just been published (Macmillan; 5s. net). A prosperous business man, he was able to attend to his business, to do a little painting, and to carry through the immense task of discovering by personal inquiry the state of 'Life and Labour of the People in London.' He was of course assisted by others. The inquiry and the writing of the volumes occupied twenty years. There are three sets of volumes—Poverty in four volumes, Industry in five, and Religious Influences in seven. They are well-thumbed by all the men and women who take an interest in the life of their fellows and want to know the facts. The memoir is short and pleasing. We lay it down with a grateful, 'Well done!'

'Quotability' is the title of one of the essays in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's collection which he calls *For Second Reading* (Maunsell; 4s. net). 'For Second Reading' means that the essays have already been read in periodicals. 'Quotability' is the subject of one of the essays, and we see clearly that the author took care to be himself unquotable. For the quotable writer is the writer of platitudes—at least they become platitudes when quoted. And quotability is no evidence of greatness. The most quoted poet in the world is (or used to be) Horace.

Another essay is on 'Reading Aloud.' That you can do with Mr. Gwynn, and it is one of the rarest peculiarities. What is it that makes a writer readable aloud? Not the perfection of his style. Try Newman, for example. There has been just one great writer of English who must be read aloud—Thomas Carlyle. But there are many small writers.

Among the rest (it is difficult to pick and choose) there is a long sensible essay on 'The Modern Parent.' A most encouraging essay, too. In Mr. Gwynn's experience the modern parent is vastly better than last century's parent. He has discovered his duty, and he does not take it too seriously. His duty is himself to see to the training of his children, and he does not take it too seriously because he knows that the best training leaves them largely to themselves. 'The one

g to be avoided is fear—habitual fear. If you a puppy you can do nothing with it, and some dren are cowed—oftenest by a stinging tongue. us concede to the modern parents that this is far less common than it would appear to e been even half a century ago; the father is that awe-inspiring personage he once was. an nature being what it is, one need not be usly afraid of his becoming in many cases a of amateur schoolmaster, like Mr. Edgeworth e model Froebelian parent.'

is not every commentary, not even every tional commentary, that you can read right gh. But you can and very likely will read commentary of the Rev. J. M. E. Ross, , on *The First Epistle of Peter* (R.T.S.; d. net), from beginning to end, if it falls into hands. For it is written to be read, and not e does this scholarly and devout editor cease clear fresh thinking and clear captivating ession. His exposition of the Descent passage triumph of modernity and unction.

good many years ago Canon Bell wrote a k on the Gardens of the Bible. The book ght on,' though it has passed away now with tyle of exposition. The Rev. Harrington C. s, M.A., is more ethical. He does not describe he gardens. He has a talk first of all about . But then he holds to the one ideal garden tells us what it contains. It contains honey- le, that is love; roses, that is joy; lilies; that is e, and so on. And the point is that none of told for its prettiness, but all for its discipline demands. The title is *God's Garden and* s (Scott; 3s. 6d. net).

The Church Impotent here in Earth: A Con- vative Critique on the Inefficiency and Unpopu- y of the Church in this hour of the world's emest need of God and Guidance, with a plea A Rational Readjustment of The Relationship een Religion and the Race.

that is the title. The author is the Rev. H. T. N. Rainey, Vicar of St. Paul's, Avenue d, Hampstead (Scott; 10s. 6d. net). What ve to think of it?

the introduction is unpromising there is no ce or division in the book itself to restore con- ce. Yet is it a book well written and

thoughtful. One great aim is its inspiration, the desire to give us a true conception of God. And that aim is never lost sight of; though there are many subsidiary issues introduced. It is a thoughtful book, even original and arresting here and there.

Among other discussions we find a discussion of the meaning of death. Strongly is it held that the death we know is only one of many deaths we are to pass through. 'If the ascent of man involves the development of his mentality, a wider, fuller capacity for life in a wider, fuller sphere, the necessity for the abandonment of a restricted and restricting organism is obvious. And if that be so, then death is not only not an isolated experience in life here, it is probably not an unknown or isolated fact in life beyond the grave, though there unattended by pain or sorrow. For in the immeasurable and infinite range of Eternity, development—expanded capacity—is still in progress, the Spirit-Mind is widening uninterruptedly and passing on from sphere to sphere, each transcending the last as nearer and nearer it approaches the Æon where God will be All in All. May not that evolution or ascension involve many a change, many a discarding of effete organisms, and the investiture of more exalted ones?' And what is each but Death?

Another defence of *The Virgin Birth of our Lord* has been written. The author is a scholar, the Rev. Leonard Prestige, M.A., Fellow, Lecturer and Dean of Divinity, New College, Oxford (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). Every item of evidence has been examined by him, the textual variations obtaining particular attention. This is the conclusion: 'The theology of the matter was stated once and for all by St. John, when he said, with ultimate reference to the supernatural birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, "begotten not out of physical elements, nor through natural instinct, nor by a man's will, but of God." In such wise we believe that God was born into human nature. His mother was maiden not only in her relations with her espoused husband, but also in the most secret mysteries of her own body.

He came al so still

There his mother was,

As dew in April

That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
 To his mother's bour,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
 There his mother lay,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
 Was never none but she;
 Well may such a lady
 Goddes mother be.

A Short History of S.P.C.K. has been written by the Editorial Secretary, the Rev. W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D. (1s.) It is a business-like document, but it is also literature.

Canon A. E. Humphreys has made a study of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and found that it contains a missionary and social Gospel for to-day. He has published his results under the title of *The Spirit of Jesus* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). The volume is written that it may serve for instruction, whether for those who go to foreign countries as missionaries or those who serve at home as social workers. Moreover, it is a scholar's exposition of the Epistle, faultless in tone and in language.

Professor J. P. Whitney, B.D., has written short chapters on the men who lived in the second century of our era and the life they lived. His hope is that the book may be used for readings in Lent and at other times. And it would be well if in this easy way our classes and families could learn a little more than the mere names of Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and the many more who are here. The title is *The Second Century* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net).

The fifth and last Report of the Archbishops' Committee of Inquiry deals with *Christianity and Industrial Problems* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). It is as outspoken as any of the reports; it is as revolutionary. That is what it recognizes, that is what it demands—a revolution in the attitude of the Church to work and wages. The plea of the bookish or indolent parson that he has nothing to do with trade disputes is set aside with sternness, even

with contempt. The demand is made for special training in industry at the theological colleges. The Committee, if they had their way, would stand at the boundary of any parish the man who was not fit and ready to take an interest in the welfare of the working people in it. They would change the very class from which the parson comes, sending him often from the working class itself.

Here is a volume of sermons which has passed its thirty-fifth thousand, and in a new edition begins again. 'A plain little collection of sermons,' the preachers call it, 'that and nothing more.' There are two preachers, William Channing Gannet and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and its title is *The Faith that makes Faithful* (Stratford Company; \$1.25 net). The secret of its success lies probably in the lucky title of the first sermon, 'Blessed be Drudgery.' That sermon has been published by itself and has reached ever so many thousands.

Does argument ever convince any one of immortality? There is one argument that convinces. It is Christ. Christ is immortality. 'To me to live is Christ,' not now only but always, and so 'to die is gain.' But if reasons and reasons can do it, Dr. H. E. Fosdick has them. He is a most acceptable writer. He writes on living issues, and never misses the mark. Try his book, *The Assurance of Immortality* (Student Christian Movement; 3s. net).

Sometimes it happens that a man who has done good work in one department of study risks his reputation by entering another, in which he is not at home. We have had notable examples lately. The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing is another. Mr. Stebbing, who is M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., and an honorary Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, has done excellent work, we believe, in zoology. He ought also to know something about theology for he is a clergyman of the Church of England. But he is a very old man (he was ordained in 1858), and he has no knowledge of theological studies at the present time. Yet he has written a book, and found a publisher for it, in which he attacks what he supposes to be present-day notions about the Bible with great liberty of language. He is much troubled about the unsatisfactory scientific character of the early chapters of Genesis.

works through them elaborately and unsparingly. He sees no way with the standing still of sun and moon in the Book of Joshua except to read it as either a historical scientific fact or a deliberate deception. His standard commentary is the Student's, which was published in the

seventies and was then only an abridgment of an older work. When he wants an example of teaching on everlasting punishment he goes back to Bishop Beveridge for it—almost a hundred years before even he himself was born. The title is *Faith in Fetters* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net).

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY,
DIDSBURY COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

IX.

Archbishop Leighton.

RELY if ever has it been given to any man to play so large a part in the ecclesiastical affairs of our country, least of all in the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland, and yet to secure in such large measure the suffrages of good men of all parties, as Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow. Gilbert Burnet, who was intimate friend and younger contemporary, and whom we owe what is still our best portrait of him, counted his friendship as amongst the greatest blessings of his life.¹ Scotsmen have naturally been of different minds as to the course Leighton followed at the Restoration, but few of them would have disputed Professor Flint's judgment, that the purer, humbler, holier spirit never tabernacled in Scottish clay.² The fiercest duel in modern Scottish ecclesiastical history was fought by Dean Stanley and Principal Rainy, but each man lowered his sword at once at the mention of the name of Leighton. He was, says Stanley, who devotes to him some ten pages of eulogy, 'the one saint common both to the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian Church.'³ Rainy's touching tribute I give in footnote.⁴ Scottish men of letters are of the

same opinion: 'Ian Maclaren' calls him 'the most gracious character in Scots Church history,'⁵ and Dr. Walter Smith, 'our Scottish Fénelon,' 'as beautiful a spirit as ever lighted on this earth.'⁶ Nor does the stream of tribute slacken when we cross the Tweed. Stanley's judgment has already been recorded. It was Leighton's torch that kindled to a flame the soul of Henry Martyn.⁷ Samuel Taylor Coleridge has told to all the world how great was his debt to him;⁸ and still more recently, Lord Morley has described him as 'one of the few wholly attractive characters of those bitter-flavoured times.'⁹

It is surely worth considering what it was in Leighton that has called forth notes of praise so loud and clear as these.

I.

Leighton's place in history, it seems clear, is not to be accounted for by his published writings. They have, it is true, been rated very high by men

of pilgrimage of faith rising at last into an unbroken Beulah of praise and prayer. It was piety nursed under the purest Scottish and Presbyterian influences. But my impressions of Leighton were formed first by the delight I used to see her take in perusing and re-perusing "that blessed Exposition" (Three Lectures on the Church of Scotland, p. 67). The reference is to Rainy's grandmother (see his *Life*, vol. i. p. 25); the 'Exposition' is of course the famous *Commentary on St. Peter*.

¹ *The Scot of the Eighteenth Century*, p. 288.

² Preface to *The Bishop's Walk* by 'Orwell,' pp. xiii, xv.

³ See Alex. Smellie's *Men of the Covenant*, p. 187.

⁴ See following section of this paper.

⁵ *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 95.

History of Our Own Times.

St. Giles' Lectures, First Series, p. 204.

Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, pp.

114.

Leighton's character and writings have been habitually praised by those in Scotland who are most averse to separatism, and who recognize in him the very spirit which separatism lacked. Among my own very earliest recollections are those of an aged lady, very dear to me, whose life was one continued strain of overflowing piety—a long

whose praise is praise indeed. In all the devotional literature of Scotland, Professor Flint says, there is nothing nearly equal to them; they 'are worth many times over all the writings of all his Scottish contemporaries.' Coleridge goes still further: 'Surely,' he says, 'if ever work not in the sacred Canon might suggest a belief of inspiration, of something more than human, it is Leighton's Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter.'¹ The *Aids to Reflection* is largely based on Leighton, and Coleridge's original intention was to make the work a mere selection from the writings of the Archbishop, 'with a few notes and a biographical preface by the Selector.'² Wholly devoid though he was of any literary ambition—he published nothing himself—Leighton appears, in comparison with his uncouth Presbyterian contemporaries, a graceful and accomplished man of letters. His years of residence abroad (1631–1641), his contact with the Jansenists, his knowledge of French literature, his admiration for writers like Thomas à Kempis and George Herbert, all wrought in him a freer spirit and a wider culture, which give him in the Scotland of the seventeenth century a place apart, 'like a fair flower of Paradise dropped amidst the thorns and thistles on some bleak mountain-side.' And while, with hardly an exception, the dust lies thick and undisturbed on the Covenanting writers of that day, Leighton has continued for two centuries to charm and edify one generation after another of English and Scottish readers.

Nevertheless, it would seem that now even Leighton's day as a writer is past. He lives, in so far as he lives at all, by his *Commentary on St. Peter*. But of this, if I mistake not, the last edition was West's, published nearly fifty years ago, and eventually sold out as a 'remainder.' It may be thought, perhaps, that Coleridge's commendation and quotations will still avail a while longer to keep Leighton in life—that the pedestal will still make the statue visible. But what if the pedestal

¹ *Notes on English Divines*, vol. ii. p. 120.

² Coleridge's advertisement to the first edition of 1825. It is to this, I suppose, that Lamb refers in one of his letters: 'Coleridge's book is in good part printed, but sticks a little for more copy. It bears an unsaleable title, "Extracts from Bishop Leighton"; but I am confident there will be plenty of good notes in it, more of Bishop Coleridge than of Leighton, I hope; for what is Leighton?' Except in the heat of contemporary conflicts, this is the only depreciatory reference to Leighton that I remember to have come across.

itself is crumbling? Coleridge the poet the world will always remember; Coleridge the metaphysician it seems resolved to forget. The Highgate shrine is forsaken; we seek our 'aids' at other doors.

II.

If Leighton does not owe his high place to his books, still less does he owe it to the part which he played in the strange drama of seventeenth-century ecclesiastical history. And here it will be well to record a few of the leading facts in his personal history.

Robert Leighton was the son of that Alexander Leighton whose barbarous treatment at the hands of the infamous Star Chamber is one of the worst blots on the memory of Laud.³ His father was still in prison when, at the age of twenty, young Leighton left England for his ten years' sojourn on the Continent. On his return in 1641, he was ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland and settled at Newbattle, near Edinburgh. Two years later he put his hand to the Solemn League and Covenant, by which he swore to do all that in him lay to extirpate Popery and Prelacy, and to make Presbytery supreme alike in Scotland and in England. In 1653 he resigned his charge at Newbattle to become Principal of Edinburgh University. A few years more and then came, in quick succession, the death of Cromwell, the downfall of Puritanism, and the return of the Stuart. For Leighton these things brought first the Bishopric of Dunblane, and afterwards (in 1671) the Archbishopric of Glasgow, and with them for him one of the most tangled problems that a good man's life ever set posterity trying to unravel.

On one point, happily, there is no controversy. It is no longer necessary to defend Leighton's sincerity and single-mindedness. No one—not one at least who is not blinded by party passion—

³ His offence was the publication of a fierce treatise against prelacy; this was the penalty: 'To be committed to the Fleet during life, fined £10,000, referred to the High Commission to be degraded; that done, to be brought to the pillory at Westminster and there whipped; and after whipping to be set in the pillory, have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and be branded on one cheek with the letters S.S. for a sower of sedition; and another day brought on a market-day to the pillory in Cheapside, there likewise whipped, and have his other ear cut off, and the other side of his nose slit.' The second part of this savage sentence appears to have been remitted; all the rest was duly inflicted.

believes that in turning Episcopalian he had any petty ends to serve. If, amid the sordid self-seeking and vaulting ambitions of those turbulent times, purity of motive and singleness of aim were anywhere to be found, it was in Robert Leighton. He, a Presbyterian and Covenanter, consented to become first Bishop and then Archbishop because, rightly or not, he did honestly believe that by so doing he could best serve his distracted Church and nation.

Nevertheless, the problem still remains, how a son of Alexander Leighton, a minister of the Kirk, sworn ally of the Covenant, could bring himself, not only to submit to re-ordination, but to serve in the company of worldly self-seeking prelates like James Sharp, and at the bidding of a monarch like Charles II. 'Here was a servant of God who found himself strangely ranged on the devil's side in the great conflict of the age, though fully minded all the while to fight the battle of the Lord.' As Dr. Walter Smith says, that is the problem, settle it as we may. Nor can we get rid of the difficulty simply throwing the blame on the Covenanters. It is always easy, at our safe distance, to see the mistakes of the men who won the liberties which we now enjoy, easy to say that if only all men had been as reasonable and peace-loving as Leighton, all would have been well. Perhaps so, but when you have Laud and the Stuarts on one side, then, if liberty in Church and State is to be saved, they must be met by the rude strength of Cromwell and the Covenanters on the other. The apostles of sweet reasonableness — Erasmus, Falkland, Leighton — always win our admiration; they seem so much kindly, gracious figures beside their rougher comrades; nevertheless, it was not Erasmus who gave us the Reformation, nor Falkland and Leighton our civil and religious liberties. Laud had made Scotland's problem impossible of solution on Leighton's lines, and in the end Leighton himself abandoned the attempt in despair.

III.

No, it is neither Leighton's plans nor his books that have set his name on high; it is the sweetness, the purity, the nobility of his character. Leighton the writer we forget, Leighton the ecclesiastic we debate, Leighton the saint we reverence and love. What Falkland had been a few years before in the harsh din of English politics, such was Leighton amid the much fiercer fervours of Scotland.

Clarendon's famous passage concerning the former might serve almost equally well to describe the latter's longing for peace. 'Sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, he would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' Readers of Matthew Arnold, who are also admirers of Leighton, may sometimes have wondered how it came to pass that one who had so sincere an admiration for Falkland, and devoted to him one of the best of his essays, should be so silent concerning the one man in Scotland who so completely fulfilled his own ideal of sweetness and light.

It was an age when all manner of unclean ambitions were in the saddle, careful only of their own ends, and ready to ride down every obstacle in the path; yet, far as he went, and high as he rose, no one now dare say that Leighton was ambitious. Humility and a merciless self-effacement, which perplexed alike his friends and his foes, marked his whole life. When reluctantly convinced that it was his duty to accept a bishopric, he bargained for the see of Dunblane, as one of the smallest and most obscure. After his consecration he went down to Scotland, Burnet tells us, in the same coach with the other bishops. But their company proved a sore trial, and when Leighton found that they were intending to enter Edinburgh in pomp, he parted from them at Morpeth, and completed the journey alone. 'He would not have the title of "Lord,"' Burnet says, 'given him by his friends, and was not easy when others forced it on him.' It is said, moreover, that in only one of his extant letters, does he sign himself 'R. Dunblane.' Elsewhere invariably, and contrary to the custom of his colleagues, the signature is simply 'Robert Leighton.'¹ It is a small matter, but it helps to show what manner of man Leighton was.

Again, in an age in which fanaticism and intolerance had, as Professor Flint says, converted the whole land into a well of Marah, Leighton's one aim was the healing of the bitter waters. The spirit of controversy, as he saw it at work on every side, seemed to him nothing but evil; the disputatious skill which passed in many for acuteness and

¹ Butler's *Life and Letters of Robert Leighton*, p. 415.

erudition, he boldly declared to be 'the mark of a mean understanding,' and he bade his Edinburgh students avoid it as they would the plague. His ten years on the Continent had strengthened still further a certain constitutional unwillingness to draw ecclesiastical boundary lines with the sharpness and rigidity of most of his contemporaries. Were men's opinions in these things, he asked, so mathematically certain that they could not dispense with any part of them, for the peace of the Church, and for the saving of souls? As for many of their controversies, they seemed to him no better than 'a drunken scuffle in the dark,' in which Christian charity 'so much more worth' than all that was contended about, 'was often wounded and slain. 'If,' he said, 'I had one of the loudest, as I have one of the lowest voices, yea, were it as loud as a trumpet, I would employ it to sound a retreat to all our unnatural and irreligious debates about religion, and to persuade men to follow the meek and lowly Jesus.'

It is but another way of saying the same thing to say that to Leighton it was given to see things in a truer perspective than most of those about him. He cared so supremely for the first things that, in his thinking, secondary things never usurped the first place. 'Some truths,' he said, 'are of so little evidence and importance that he who errs in them charitably, meekly, and calmly may be both a wiser man and a better Christian than he who is furiously, stormily, and uncharitably orthodox.' He would rather, he declared, convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him over to any opinions in whatsoever else beside; he would rather be instrumental in persuading one man to be serious in religion than the whole nation to be Conformists.

IV.

Seventeenth-century Scotland, it is evident, was no place for a man like Robert Leighton. High-flying Presbyterians on the one hand, wily, worldly prelates on the other, what had he to do with either? He was a dove among lions and serpents, a child in the hands of sharpers. Once, when his brother-in-law chided him for his lack of prudence in a matter of business, he answered half sadly: 'I am not easily taught that lesson. I confess it is the wiser way to trust nobody; but there is so much of the fool in my nature as carries me rather

to the other extreme, to trust everybody.' Such a man was obviously no match for the cunning and bigotry that were arrayed against him, and at last, as I have said, he quitted the field in despair. Defeated in the noble designs on which he had set his heart, suspected and hated by Episcopalian and Presbyterian alike, he resolved, as Burnet says, 'to retire from all public employments, and to spend the rest of his days in a corner, far from noise and business, and to give himself wholly to prayer and meditation.' His married sister and her husband, Edward Lightmaker, were at that time living at Broadhurst Manor, near Horsted Keynes, in Sussex, and thither, in or about 1674, he withdrew, and there the remaining years of his life were spent;¹ there he is buried, and there to the infrequent visitor his tomb tells how 'in an age of religious strife he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, by a holy life, and by the meek and loving spirit which breathes throughout his writings.'

There is no period of Leighton's life over which one would choose more to linger than this long and quiet evening amid the deep peace of the pleasant Sussex country. Unfortunately, our knowledge of these closing years is very slight. We have Burnet's delightful page and practically nothing more. A certain Giles Moore was rector here during Leighton's time, and his diary, under the title of *A Clergyman's Diary of the Seventeenth Century*, has been given to the world; but, curiously enough, Leighton is not even named in it. What is even more surprising, Mr. E. V. Lucas writes a whole volume on Sussex,² gives two pages to Horsted Keynes and Giles Moore, but not a syllable to our saintly Archbishop. We must therefore fall back on Burnet once more: Leighton 'had lived,' he says, 'ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement, and the doing of good: for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching, and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own. . . . He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion

¹ It was to his brother-in-law that Leighton wrote one of the most beautiful of his letters; see Butler's *Life*, p. 398.

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While writing on the subject of Dictionaries, an opportunity is here afforded to call attention to an important article written by Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON-NICOLL. The following is an extract:—

'We have recently received two magnificent volumes; first, the second volume of the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*, edited by Dr. JAMES HASTINGS, and concluding the work. The present volume deals with "Macedonia—Zion," and contains excellent indexes. The second is the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, also edited by Dr. HASTINGS, and is the tenth volume, dealing with subjects, "Picts—Sacraments." Both are beautifully produced, and the price, all things considered, is exceedingly moderate—25s. net for the first, and 32s. net for the second

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'The discussion of Psycho-Therapeutics is by Dr. RIVERS, and when we say that we say enough. The Freudian system is fully dealt with, and not in an unfriendly spirit, though Dr. RIVERS is more sympathetic with the position of JUNG and holds that FREUD has exaggerated the importance of the sexual element in disease. The word Psycho-Analysis, Dr. RIVERS thinks, has been unfortunately chosen, for every physician who endeavours to discover the conditions which have produced an abnormal mental state must of necessity carry on a process of Psycho-Analysis. It is to be noted that Dr. RIVERS thinks that the modern trends seem to be again bringing religion and medicine into that intimate relation to one another which existed in very early history.'—*British Weekly*.

man the commons of Scotland were.¹ He retained all a peculiar inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he could have gone and lived and died among them.' That grieved him most was the prevailing temper of the Christian Church. Even the Church of England, which seemed to him in many ways the best constituted Church in the world, showed his eyes but as 'a fair carcase of a body without a spirit; without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy, that became us.'

Burnet, too, shall paint for us the last scene of his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be in an inn; it looked like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the delicious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane [London]. Another

F. W. Robertson, it may be remembered, thought the Sussex peasantry 'very bucolic' (see F. Arnold's *Robertson Brighton*, p. 200).

circumstance was, that while he was Bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him: so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there: and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death, so that his provision and journey failed both at once.'

V.

I have said enough, I hope, to show that Leighton's is a name on which it is good to dwell in the fireside hour. What books about him we should keep for our fireside shelf, it is not so easy to say. His story deserves a better record than it has yet received. His latest biographer (Rev. Dr. D. Butler) has made all lovers of Leighton his debtors by his careful and painstaking inquiries, but his book is needlessly long, and somehow lacks inspiration. Other books are referred to in the foregoing footnotes. On the whole, next to Burnet, I should be disposed to suggest the little volume of selections edited, with a short biography, by Dr. W. Blair, and Dr. Walter C. Smith's poem, *The Bishop's Walk*. These, if they leave much unsaid, may yet suffice to fill the whole house with the fragrance of a life as fair and sweet as ever grew in Scottish soil.

In the Study.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Quinquagesima.

PLEASEING GOD.

'Without faith it is impossible to please him.'—He 11⁶.

HERE are three things necessary to the pleasing God—knowledge of God, service for God, likeness to God. Man is made to know as much as possible, to do as much as possible, and to be as good as possible. In the sphere of knowledge, in the sphere of action, in the sphere of character, faith is the one element that gives life and power to please God.

1. Look first at the sphere of knowledge, the understanding of the world and of life. We stand in a strange and mysterious universe, with certain

faculties to help us to a comprehension of it. First, we have the senses, and they tell us how things look, and taste, and sound, and feel. Then we have the reasoning powers, and they enable us to discover how things are related to each other, how causes are followed by effects, how great laws control their action and reaction. But is there not something beyond this, a depth below the deep and a height beyond the height? Every instinct of our nature assures us that there must be. The lesson of modern thought is the limitation of science and philosophy. But outside of this narrow circle lie the truths that we most desire and need to know. In that unexplained world dwells God. Why should we hesitate to confess that we must have another and a higher faculty of knowledge? The astronomer has keen

eyes, but he knows their limitation, and he does no discredit to them when he uses the telescope to bring near the unseen stars. The entomologist has quick sight, but he does not disparage it when he turns to the microscope to search a drop of water for its strange, numberless forms of life. Reason is excellent and forceful, but beyond its boundaries there is a realm which can be discerned only by faith. Where science ends, where philosophy pauses, faith begins. 'By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.'

On the simplest soul that feels the wonder and the hidden glory of the universe, on the child to whom the stars are little windows into heaven, or the poet to whom

'the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,'

God looks down with pleasure and approval. For in such a soul He sees the beginning of faith, which is able to pass behind the appearance to the reality, and make its possessor wise unto everlasting life.¹

2. Faith is no less necessary in the sphere of action. There are some who would persuade us that believing is appropriate only to infancy and old age; that it is a kind of dreaming, an infirmity of the weak and visionary. But the truth is otherwise. Carlyle says: 'Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.' Faith is power. It makes men strong, ardent, persistent, heroic. Nothing truly great has ever been done in any department of the world's work without faith.

If the cause be divine, if the idea come from above, if the action be impelled by faith in God and a resolve to do His will, then how dauntless and impregnable does it make the heart in which it dwells! Paul standing alone against the mocking, sneering world to testify to the truth as it is in Jesus, 'I believe and therefore speak': Luther riding into the city of Worms, though every housetop were thronged with devils, and appearing alone before the imperial council, 'Here stand I, I cannot do otherwise, God help me': Morrison, the first missionary to China, standing alone on the deck of the ship that bears him to a strange and hostile world: 'Do you think,' says the captain, 'that you will make an impression upon 400,000,000 Chinese?' 'No, sir, is the reply, 'but I believe that God will':—that is faith,—everywhere and always the victory that overcometh the world.²

¹ Henry Van Dyke, *Manhood, Faith, and Courage*.

² *Ibid.*

3. Faith is necessary to please God, because it is the only means of attaining to spiritual character which is spiritual power. If we were to listen to some, we might suppose that Faith is the portion of childhood and old age, an infirmity of the weak and the ignorant. And yet, if we will be honest with ourselves, we shall confess that there is nothing great and noble in the world, nothing which calls forth the admiration and the love of men which is not sealed with the sign of Faith. To feel the reality of something above us, above our temporal experience, above the limit of our single lives; of something more enduring than the shows which we see, more glorious than the visions which we frame; is just so far to rise to the possibility of a more transcending triumph. It cannot indeed but be so. For Faith not only apprehends the unseen, but enters into vital union with it, and so wields, according to its strength, the powers of the world to come.

It is not in 'main points' that character lies. Many have the same, but it is the *peculiar* way each one develops these. It is in the multifarious details which all bear the stamp of the inward spirit, and not only that but of the individual physical constitution, that the distinctive features of a character lie, and it is in the acquaintance with these, and in seeing how they unite with the main principles of the character, *i.e.* in understanding the person as a *whole*, that the charm of sympathy lies.³

First Sunday in Lent.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—Jn 13³⁴.

In the seventeenth century the minister of Anwoth, on the shores of Galloway, was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the great religious oracle of the Covenanters.

It is one of the traditions cherished on the spot, that on a Saturday evening, at one of those family gatherings whence, in the language of a great Scottish poet,

Old Scotia's grandeur springs,

when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door of the Manse, and (like the young English traveller in the celebrated romance which has given fresh life to those same hills in our own age) begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, and

³ *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke*, i. 85.

asked him to take his place amongst the family and assist at their religious exercises. It so happened that the question in the Catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks, 'How many Commandments are there?' He answered, 'Eleven.' 'Eleven!' exclaimed Rutherford; 'I am surprised that a person of your age and appearance should not know better. What do you mean?' And he answered, 'A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

The stranger proved to be 'the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Ussher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland.'

1. The story is told in Dean Stanley's *Life*. No doubt Archbishop Ussher was right in reckoning the commandment to Christ's disciples that they should love *one another* as an eleventh. The disciples themselves understood it so. For they gave it a new name. When a discovery is made we need a name to call it by—'telephone,' 'phonograph.' They chose the name 'philadelphia' (from *phileo*, to love, and *adelphos*, a brother). It is the very word that was chosen by the Pilgrim Fathers for their new city in the new land.

2. So there are two kinds of love. First there is love of our neighbour—'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' that is, every one out of Christ, including our enemies. And next there is love of brethren, brotherly-love, the love of those who are in Christ for one another. St. Peter makes this very clear when he ends his chain of virtues with 'add to godliness brotherly kindness (*philadelphia*), and to brotherly kindness charity' (*agapê*, the ordinary word for love).

3. But how is it possible to love in two different ways? Mark Guy Pearse tells us that one day he heard one of his children say to another, 'You must be good, or father won't love you.' He took the boy to himself and said, 'Do you know what you are saying, my boy? That is not true, not a bit true.' The boy looked at him in wonder. 'But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?' And he said, 'Yes I will love you if you are not good. I love you when you are good with a love that makes me glad, and I love you when you are not good with a love that hurts me. But I cannot help loving you, because I am your father, you know.'

4. It is so with the Heavenly Father. 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son'—that was 'a love that hurt Him.' 'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him'—that is a love that makes Him glad.

5. How are the two kinds of love to be exercised? The first is a *missionary* love; it seeks to save that which is lost. The other is a *ministering* love; it serves. It is the love that Christ spoke of when He said, 'If I your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.'

Second Sunday in Lent.

GREAT FAITH.

'O woman, great is thy faith.'—Mt 15²⁸.

How was her faith so great?

1. It overcame many natural obstacles. She was a woman of Syrophœnicia, St. Mark tells us—a land where you would naturally expect neither purity of love nor nobility of faith. Its people were worshippers of Moloch and Astarte, hideous names that are synonyms for cruelty and lust. Yet it was out of this dismal swamp that Christ plucked this beautiful flower of faith.

Circumstances do not make character. The noblest character can emerge from the worst surroundings, and moral failures come out of the best. Just where you are, take the things of life as tools, and use them for God's glory; so you will help the kingdom come, and the Master will use the things of life in cutting and polishing you so that there shall some day be seen in you a soul conformed to his likeness.¹

2. It would not take a No. That is the most striking feature of the story—the silence of Jesus, and the faith that would not be silenced. When first we meet her she is crying a piercing, heart-broken cry, 'Have mercy on me, thou Son of David. My daughter is grievously vexed with an unclean demon. Have mercy on me.' And He, what does He answer to that cry—He whose ear was ever open to the prayer of human need? 'He answered her never a word.' It is the strangest incident in all the life of Jesus—His silence to this broken-hearted mother's cry.

It was a real refusal. This woman felt that. She knew she had a battle to fight. Yet she refused to be beaten. She followed on, crying and weeping, right into the house where Jesus was. There she falls at His feet and sobs out the piteous

¹ M. D. Babcock, *Thoughts for Every-Day Living*, 72.

prayer, 'Lord, help me,' until at last even *He* is moved to speak.

Why is God sometimes silent? No doubt to test us. 'When he hath tried us, we shall come forth as gold.' But this story suggests to us that God may have other reasons for His silence than merely to educate our faith; nay, more, that these reasons can be overcome by persistent prayer. This is a great mystery; but it is a fact in the history of the intercession of the saints.

He who wholly believes in and trusts that Love may leave the mysterious silence and the apparent indifference to wait their explanation when Love shall find language in God's good time.¹

3. It expressed surprising spiritual insight. This comes out in the woman's marvellous rejoinder to what must seem to many the sternest word ever spoken by the Son of Man to a seeking soul, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs.' At once she replied, 'Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables.' Christ realized from this word of hers that she had penetrated into the meaning of His refusal; that she understood that His life-work had to be for His own people, and that it was right that it should be so. That she knew *why* it must be so would be too much to say. She could not understand yet why it was necessary that 'this Prophet must not die out of Jerusalem.' But she realized that it was Christ's mission to confine His ministry to His own people, and it was for this reason, as well as for her passionate and persistent love, that Jesus felt there was no temptation here to desert His mighty task. This was a case so exceptional as to justify legislation for itself alone. 'And he said unto her, For *this* saying the devil is gone out of thy daughter. O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee as thou wilt.'

The silence of God is often the prelude to His richest speech. You know what it is to come to a pause in the music of some great composition, some symphony by Beethoven or some oratorio by Handel. At a signal from the conductor there is a sudden silence, a silence over the vast orchestra that may be felt. Every violin has ceased to throb, every cornet has ceased to sound, until, after a breathless moment that seems to quiver with the tenseness of its expectancy, the conductor lets his baton fall. Then, in a twinkling, every instrument takes up its strain again. The violin makes the music; the cornets prolong it. The drums boom it

forth. The cymbals clash it. The organ adds to it the weight of its mightiest diapason, until, in a perfect blaze of melody, the music reaches its close. The pause was but the prelude to the climax.²

Third Sunday in Lent.

LAYING HOLD.

'Laying hold on eternal life.'—1 Ti 6¹².

The word here translated 'lay hold' is the same as is used elsewhere, as 'And when they had caught Paul and Silas!' It was not a caress with which they laid hold of them. About as far from that as could be. It was a grip that could not be dislodged.

1. Lay hold on *eternal life*. What is that? It is life that lasts, though 'eternal' is not simply everlasting. It is an attribute not of time but of condition. It is life in Christ, and life in Christ is fellowship with God. This eternal life has its beginning here, but for its perfection we look forward to the hereafter.

(1) Eternal life will comprehend the perfect knowledge of God. We have the authority of our Lord Himself for saying this. 'This,' said our blessed Lord, 'is eternal life, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' Man, by reason of sin, has lost a correct knowledge of God. The understanding is darkened, the will perverted, and the whole moral nature enfeebled. But for the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, there would be no correct knowledge of the true God. Man is in ignorance with respect to the character of God, apart from the light of revelation. Philosophy may do its utmost; art and science may contribute their efforts to arrive at the true knowledge of God; but apart from the revelation of God in Christ we come to the same conclusion announced by the Apostle: 'The world by wisdom knew not God.' And what is the whole design of the Gospel of Christ, but to reveal to us the true character of God, to teach men the right knowledge of the ever-living Creator? And in proportion as the Gospel is known and embraced, in that degree men come to know God as He really is, and to be possessed of a correct knowledge with respect to the everlasting, ever-living Creator. Now, upon earth this knowledge will ever be imperfect—'Now we know but in part.' The largest discoveries we

¹ J. Kelman, *The Road*, i. 134.

² W. M. Mackay, *Bible Types of Modern Women*.

have respecting the character of the attributes of God leave us still but partially, but imperfectly informed; and we wait for the dawn of eternity in order to arrive at the perfect knowledge of God as He really is. 'Now we know in part, then shall we know even as also we are known.'

(2) Eternal life will be perfect resemblance to Christ. One great object of the Gospel is to accomplish the restoration of man to the Divine image; and in proportion as the Gospel of Christ claims its legitimate hold upon any man, in that degree he is brought into the Saviour's image—changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' But this resemblance upon earth will never be perfect. There is too much sin inherent in our nature to render it possible for us, under the present dispensation, ever to attain to a perfect resemblance of Christ. It will be one part of the glorious inheritance reserved for the saint in eternity that he shall be made fully to resemble the Redeemer. The Psalmist said: 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' And that declaration on the part of the inspired Psalmist found its responsive echo in the language of the Evangelist: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when we shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'

(3) Eternal life will consist in the companionship with all the blessed, with all the saints of God from Abel, the first martyr, downwards to the last saint that shall be brought forth to complete the spiritual edifice. In every age, in every clime, in every country, all who have ever known, and loved, and served the same Lord shall be brought together in one glorious throng, to unite for ever in celebrating and adoring the wisdom and the goodness of Christ.

Grant Duff in his *Notes from a Diary* says: 'An old priest was trudging home through the deep snow after early Mass on the morning of All Saints' Day, when a man stopped him to ask how many had been at his service. "Millions! Millions!" he replied. Farther on Grant Duff again refers to the incident, and quotes a comment of a friend: 'That is a lovely story about all the saints at Mass; quite lovely. It reminds me of a line I always liked:

Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss.
One imagines them as a field standing thick with corn.'

2. *Lay hold on eternal life.* To lay hold is not to make ourselves worthy of it; nor to attempt to

merit it; nor to wait till we are holy before we come to Christ. Salvation is not of works, but of faith. 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.' To lay hold on eternal life is to lay hold on Christ. We have nothing to do then, but to believe; to open the door and receive Him into our hearts, who is knocking there. Jesus is ready to come in, as a king into his palace—followed by penitence, humility, goodness, meekness, temperance, hope, peace, joy, charity; a long, shining train of graces. It is only by the hand of faith that we can lay hold of Christ.

In his voyage to the Polar Regions, Kane, when involved with his brave companions among broken ice fields, found himself placed between two mighty, moving bergs. Each a towering, floating, crystal mountain, they rapidly approached to give battle—threatening to crush his ship between them, like an empty shell. The danger was imminent; destruction seemed inevitable. There was not a breath of wind to fill their sails; and their ship, as if herself paralysed with terror, lay still on the water—waiting her doom. At that moment of terrible suspense, when no power of theirs could extricate them, or clear their way through the ice that choked the only path of escape, just then, a low, water-washed berg, set in motion by some strange current, came driving up from the southward. If they could follow in its wake, it might make a way for them through the floating ice; and they might yet be saved—plucked from the very jaws of destruction. Their despair was now turned into hope. It nears them; it is passing them. They seize the opportunity; and, God blessing the attempt, succeed in planting an anchor on its slope—holding on it by a whale line. 'It was an anxious moment,' says Dr. Kane, 'our noble tow-horse hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as in scorn.' The two great ice mountains, whirling on their axes, and roaring, grinding through the sea, encroach on the ship as it advances; they drew nearer, and still nearer, to each other; the channel is now narrowed to forty feet; another moment and their fate is sealed. With the promptitude of sailors, they fly to the rigging and brace the yards to clear the ice-walls. They pass clear—saved as by the skin of their teeth: and 'never,' writes Dr. Kane, 'did men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.'¹

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

EFFICIENCY.

'I can do all things.'—Phil 4¹³.

There are four elements of efficiency.

1. The first is *vision*—clear vision of the actual facts of life. It takes courage to face facts, but courage is one of the fundamentals of efficient

¹ Guthrie, *The Way to Life*.

living. He who would attain to effective living must stop every form of make-believe, clear his eyes of every scale that hangs between his soul and the naked truth. This is hard on people who try to make themselves believe that they are good when they know that they are bad, who pretend they are succeeding when they know they are piling up failure, who make believe they are well when they know they are sick. Efficiency does not come by that route. This propensity for playing fast and loose with life is one of the first things to be cured in a man who aspires to the life that can do all things through Christ who empowers him—to see clearly the truth.

We must try to see things as they are, not obscured by prejudice or privilege or sentiment or selfishness; and sin does not cloud the vision so much as stupidity and conceit.¹

2. The second element of efficiency is *consistency*. Growing out of the appetite for pretence is the discrepancy between what we know we ought to do and what we actually do. Always and everywhere there yawns a gulf between ideals and conduct. No life can be efficient which consciously does the things condemned by conscience. So fundamental and axiomatic is this principle that it is as hard to prove as that two and two make four. But assumed as it is by the most rudimentary human creatures, it is not so readily realized that violation of conscience lies at the root of most ineffective and flabby living. The student who is content to do work below his possible grade of attainment, the mechanic who is willing to slur over work when he could do it as it should be done, anybody who does anything carelessly and is content to let it go at that is undermining the whole effectiveness of his life and poisoning the stream of life blood at its heart.

Of Professor Robertson Smith it is said: In the course of these years (before he was twelve) we had the consolation of learning that a work of grace was wrought upon him, and in such a form that he was at length delivered from the fear of death and made partaker of a hope full of immortality. That the change wrought upon him was real, we had many satisfactory evidences—not the less satisfactory that there was no parade of piety, no sanctimoniousness, but a cheerful performance of daily duty, truthfulness in word and deed, and a conscientiousness which we could not help thinking was sometimes almost morbid. I never knew a boy with so sensitive a nature and so tender a conscience. When still very young, and on the occasion of one of his serious illnesses, his old nurse came from a distance to see him and brought

him a paper of sweets. His mother, who disapproved of the free use of such dainties, and generally kept the distribution of them in her own hands, permitted him to keep the whole store himself, and told him to take one when he thought it needed. Some days after, she was surprised to see him rush into the parlour in his nightdress in great and evident distress, and on inquiring into the cause, was told that he could not go to sleep until he had confessed that he had that day helped himself to *two* of his goodies—the second one without any special necessity.²

3. The third element of efficient living is *peace*. Personal adjustment is one of the greatest arts of life. Blessed is the man who acquires a smooth-running, accurate-working personality. To co-ordinate the faculties of a human soul, that they may work together harmoniously in the output of life—that is to become humanly efficient. Perfect adjustment, stable balance, controlled reserve—these are indispensable for him who would get ready to do all things.

I dined with an old friend one night, whose children had been brought up with my own. When the war broke out his eldest daughter was newly married to a brilliant University professor. He enlisted at once, with the entire consent of his young wife. He went to France with the first British forces, fought through eight terrible months unscathed, and came home on leave to see his new-born son. He returned, and within a few weeks news came that he was severely injured. His wife instantly crossed the Channel, but arrived at the hospital too late to see him alive. She travelled back alone, and her mother said, 'We sat in this room dreading her arrival. We watched the garden gate, and wondered what we could say to her when she came, and how we could comfort her. She came at last, just as the darkness fell, and directly we saw her we knew that it was she who would comfort us, not we who could comfort her. She was perfectly composed; she came up the garden path quietly and proudly. I could not have imagined it possible. All I can say about it is, that Dorothy seemed to have found the peace that passeth understanding.'³

4. There is a fourth element in efficient living. It is *power*. The other three things are in the man himself. He must see clearly with his own eyes, he must connect his conduct with his conscience, he must be at peace within and without; but all of these are but the polishing of the lamp, the adjustment of the engine, the regulation of the machine. It will take something more before we can do 'all things.' It takes power. You cannot become efficient without it. Beyond the common sense, beyond the trained mind, beyond the co-ordinated personality are higher ranges of being, deeper sources of power. The efficient individual,

¹ A. C. Benson, *The Silent Isle*, 11.

² *The Life of William Robertson Smith*, 12.

³ W. J. Dawson, *The Father of a Soldier*, 118.

efficient Church must have something different from the results of culture and the social spirit of effective organization. There are burdens that we can never bear and roads that we can never travel unless there comes to us a strength that is stronger than ours—and different in kind. Unless some one can be downstretched from heaven to help us who are lost, and all the pomp and pride of culture and adjustment will avail us nothing in the hour of testing.¹

Virginibus Puerisque.

MARCH.

Some Spring Flowers.

God seeketh again that which is passed away.—Ec 3¹⁶.
Let no flower of spring pass us by: Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered.—Wisd. Sol.

I heard of a prayer offered by a very little boy on a cold January night. 'Jesus, I thank Thee for skating, and sleds, and snowballs, and my big snowman in the yard; and, Jesus, I thank Thee for next Spring when I won't have to wear an overcoat, and when I can go out and pick flowers.' I wonder if he thanked God for the Spring after it was past.

Very few boys or girls do, I fear. That is why I chose the second of the texts. It is from the Psephocrypha, a sacred book that is not read in Church here; but one in which there is much good advice which we would all do well to follow.

Mr. Spring is upon us again and we are all glad. You love it, I love it, we all love it. On a fine March day it is a joy to walk along a country road, wander through a wood, or spend an afternoon in one of the city parks. Where a little while before there were only signs of winter there are flowers; sweet, shy, pretty little things they mostly are. In the gardens there may be a few exceptions so far as shyness is concerned, for the crocus and the early tulip always seem rather proud of their gay dresses. If you want to make any sick little companion very happy with a present of spring flowers, pick a bunch of wood-anemones, or a little bouquet of snowdrops; you might even come across some sweet violets—if your friend is a girl she would love them.

In the country here and there, there is to be seen a flowering tree or a bush. Their flowers,

however, have very little colour. The hazel that grows nuts in the autumn is blossoming, and the elder down by the river. Then, of course, you know of the pussy-willows and the flowering currant bushes. I like the pussy-willow best of all. To see it in March makes some people think of fairies, especially when the birds seem so happy among its branches. They keep chattering to each other just as if their little hearts were ready to burst with joy. They, of course, see the fairies.

Pussy-willow had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,

And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;

And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey-bees,

And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple-trees;

And these dropped it to the wood-brooks brimming full of melted snow,

And the brooks told Robin Redbreast, as they chattered to and fro;

Little Robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear

To the sleepy fields and meadows, 'Wake up! cheer up! spring is here!'²

2. Do you know how it is that the flowering trees and bushes are so hardy and flower so early? And why it is that the snowdrop and the crocus and the tulip come so soon? Well, the trees have a store of energy to spare; they have been laying it up nearly all the winter, some of them indeed are almost evergreens, and have never had any break in the laying up process. So you see they are always ready. Certain of them have even ready-made buds in position for unfolding. Then, they come of a good, old stock, made strong by our trying climate. And where do you think the dear little snowdrop and the crocus have their reserve store of energy? They have it underground, in their bulbs.

3. Nature preaches a great many sermons. Every March, when the early flowers are showing themselves, she says to you boys and girls, 'You may think that a great deal of your work at school is useless, you may often feel hopeless because there are certain subjects that you cannot master, but if you do your best the effort will create within you a reserve of what we call moral power, fitting

¹ G. A. Miller, *The Life Efficient*.

² 'Telltale,' in *A Garland of Verse*, 149.

you to become strong and good men and women. Nothing you ever really learn is lost.'

And God expects you to get good from having lived in this world. The trees and bushes become hardy from being tossed about in the wind. Don't things sometimes happen to you that you don't like at all? If you bear them, holding up your head and saying nothing, that will mean that there will be something added to your store of moral strength. Then, the fact that you are brought to church means that your father and mother believe that true strength of character comes only through religion, so you too are of a good stock.

4. God does not send us the Spring for nothing. Some elderly people love the Spring so much that they try to hold every moment of it. You love it too in your own way. But while God is good to us, He is also our master. You know that at school you prefer a strict master to one who is very lenient. And the text, 'God seeketh again that which is passed away,' means that we are here not merely to have a good time, but to make our characters. And in this God wants to be your best friend. He is true, He is just, but above all He is loving. If He is a strict master, He is full of sympathy for you when you fail. Confide in Him then: tell him everything. And so with His friendship you will be able truly to enjoy the beauty of Spring, and, as the last half of the text has it, to 'crown yourself with rosebuds before they be withered.'

O.H.M.S.

'The posts went with the letters.'—2 Ch 30⁸.

And so our good old friend the post is to be found in the Bible! Yes, but I'm afraid you might not recognize him if you met him, for the posts mentioned here did not wear a navy-blue uniform with red pipings as our posts do, and they didn't carry letters from house to house. They were couriers or runners chosen from the king's body-guard, and they were employed to carry the king's messages all over the land.

I wonder how many of you would like to be postmen? How many would like to be king's messengers carrying the king's letters? You can all be that if you wish, and to a much greater king than King George, or King Hezekiah who sent out those posts in our text. Sometimes it is difficult for a boy or a girl to get into King George's postal

service, because the vacancies are few, and only a certain number of applicants are chosen. But this King has always plenty of room in His service, and any one can get in who likes to apply.

Now there are three things I want to say about postmen in the service of the Heavenly King.

1. They must be *prompt*—ready to obey the King's commands at a moment's notice and to do whatever He asks them to do.

When Professor Henry Drummond was a very small boy at Stirling High School the boys decorated and illuminated the school in honour of the marriage of the late King Edward, who was then Prince of Wales. They cut out Prince of Wales feathers and suitable mottoes in coloured paper—blue, and pink, and red, and yellow—and stuck them on the windows. When night came on they put lighted candles in the windows so that when people passed outside they saw Prince of Wales feathers shining in every window.

Henry was too small to help, but he was eagerly watching the cutting out and pasting when a big boy came to him and asked him to run down town and buy twopence worth of pink paper. Now Drummond thought it was much more fun watching the others than going on a dull errand, so he refused. 'Why won't you go?' asked the big boy. 'Because I don't want to.' 'But do you know it is "O.H.M.S."?' asked the other. 'You don't really mean it!' said Henry, and off he went like a shot. And as he ran down the street he felt, as he afterwards said, about 'ten feet high.'

You see it makes all the difference in the world when you are 'O.H.M.S.' When the King gives a command you obey at once without questioning. And the errands that are bothersome, and the duties that are disagreeable seem quite different. If they are difficult or disagreeable it is all the more honour to us that the King has asked us to do them.

In ancient Persia the posts were mounted on swift steeds. It was said of these messengers that nothing mortal travelled so fast, and that they outstripped the flight of birds. And the messengers of the Great King must be like these ancient Persians—swift to do the King's bidding, ready to go whenever and wherever the King calls them.

2. The King's postmen must be *faithful*. King Hezekiah's postman carried his messages written on parchment, but the Great King writes His message on boys, and girls, and men, and women

s postmen carry the message on themselves. They are the letters as well as the postmen, and by their life and conduct they show the mind and heart of the King.

Now there are a great many people going about the world who call themselves the King's messengers, and when other people see them they say, 'Well, if the King is at all like them we don't want to be His followers!' They are unfaithful postmen and bring disgrace on the King's name.

In the life of Bishop Bompas, whose work lay in the district of the Mackenzie River, away in the far North-West of Canada, there is a funny story how some letters got mixed up. The mails arrived only twice a year, and their arrival was always a great event in the life of the fort. In the winter time they were brought from a long distance by Indians with dog-sledges. On one occasion an Indian in charge broke through the ice, and his dogs, and letters all got a thorough soaking. The Indian made for the shore and lit a fire to dry his clothes. Then he looked ruefully at the letters. What was to be done with them? Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He took them out of their envelopes and stacked them around the fire to dry. When they were all nicely toasted he proceeded to replace them, but when he discovered to his dismay that he did not know which letter belonged to which envelope. He was unable to read he could get no clue, so he just popped any letter into any envelope and succeeded on his way.

By and by he arrived at the fort and delivered the mail, and then the fun began. The Bishop opened sedate-looking envelopes addressed to him, and found they contained private documents and love-letters intended for the officers at the fort. And the officers on opening some of their letters discovered epistles intended for the Bishop. At last the Indian confessed what had happened, the letters were cleared up, and everybody had a good laugh.

Now the unfaithful messengers are like letters that have been put into the wrong envelope. When the people to whom they are sent look at them they say, 'Why, this isn't the writing of the King at all. It is the writing of selfishness, or pride, or greed. This boy is wearing the King's uniform, the envelope and the address seem all right, but inside he is a sad disappointment and far from all that we expected.'

Don't get into the wrong envelope, boys and girls. Don't pretend to belong to the King and be really serving yourself. Remember when you wear the King's uniform you must carry His messages faithfully.

3. Lastly, if we want to be swift messengers, if we want to be faithful messengers, we must *keep in touch with the King*. We cannot carry His messages unless we are in communication with Him. But He has made a path for us all whereby we may reach Him in a moment, and that path is called the Way of Prayer. If we go to Him frequently by that path we need never fear to prove unfaithful, for He will show us His mind and heart, He will fill us with His Spirit, He will guide us in all our ways.

The Jasper.

'The first foundation was jasper.'—Rev 21¹⁹.

Our stone for March is the jasper. I have chosen it because the bloodstone, which is one variety of jasper, is the birth-stone for the month.

There was more of the jasper than of any other stone in the New Jerusalem, for not only was the first foundation of the city jasper, but its walls were jasper as well. Then He who sat upon the throne was compared to a jasper; and the light of the city was said to be as the light of a jasper.

The stone which the ancients called jasper may have been a translucent stone—that is to say, one that you can see light through,—but the stone that we know as jasper is an opaque stone—one that you cannot see light through. It is a stone of many colours. The commonest jasper is yellow, but there is a scarlet jasper, and a red jasper, and a crimson jasper, and a green jasper. There is a jasper in different shades of brown which comes from Egypt, and Siberia gives us what is called ribbon jasper because it is striped like a coloured ribbon. India, too, has a rare green jasper, with little red spots in it. This is known as the blood-stone, and it has sometimes been chosen as the special stone for Easter, because the head of Christ crowned with the crown of thorns has been cut out of it, and the red drops have been used to represent drops of blood.

The jasper has been, from earliest times, a favourite both as a gem and as an ornamental stone in building. The portraits of the Roman Emperors were carved on it, and the finest intaglio (an

intaglio is the opposite of a cameo, it is cut in, whilst a cameo stands out) in the British Museum, the head of the Roman goddess of wisdom, Minerva, is cut out of a jasper. To this day it is a favourite stone for signet rings. If father has a signet ring with a red or green stone in it—a stone you can't see through—ten chances to one it is a jasper.

Large pieces of jasper are used in buildings. The altar in Canterbury Cathedral stands on a platform of yellow jasper, thirty feet long and fourteen wide. Any one who has been to Italy and has visited her wonderful churches will tell you that they owe much of their beauty to the use of the jasper stone.

Jasper is very hard. It is so hard that it cannot be removed from the bed-rock in the ordinary way. Instead, the workmen bore holes in the rock, and into these they drive wedges of wood which they soak in water. The water makes the wood swell till it bursts the rock. Then the fragments are carefully collected and sent to be cut and polished.

Because jasper is hard and strong it made a splendid first foundation-stone of the Holy City. The other eleven foundations could safely rest on it. Because it is so hard and suitable for foundations it has been called St. Peter's stone. You remember Christ called Peter a foundation-stone when He said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.'

Now, what is the jasper's message to us? Is it not this?—'Be strong.'

1. *Be strong in body.*—Do you know what makes the red spots in the beautiful bloodstone? It is a stuff called oxide of iron. Do you know what makes the red in your cheeks? The very same iron. You have heard people speak of having iron in the blood. You must have plenty of iron in your blood if you want to be healthy boys and girls.

What gives us that iron? Why! good plain food, and plenty of sleep, and lots of fresh air. Don't turn up your nose at milk puddings or an honest plate of porridge, and sigh for pies and paste. Stick to the plain fare and you'll grow both tall and strong. Don't want to sit up late at night. Remember, one hour's sleep before midnight is equal to two after it, and the person who burns the candle late at night will soon have cheeks to match the candle wax. Don't be afraid of fresh air, or an open window or a shower of rain. Change your shoes and stockings when they get

wet, but be out as much as possible in the open. That will bring to your cheeks roses as red as any in the garden.

2. *Be strong in your character.*—Have good principles and stick to them. Know the right and do it. Don't be either coaxed or driven into doing the wrong. Be firm and immovable as the jasper rock. After all, what is the use of knowing the right if you don't do it?

A bright little chap was sent home from school for bad behaviour. 'Why! Willie,' said a friend, 'How did this happen? I thought you had better principles.' 'Oh!' said Willie, 'It wasn't my principles, my principles were all right. It was my conduct they sent me home for.' It's no use merely knowing what's right. The thing is to do it. And that is what takes real strength of character.

3. *Be strong for others.*—The jasper foundation had to bear the weight of the other eleven foundations, but it was equal to its task. We have often to be foundation-stones. We have to be strong for others. We have to act as a support to those weaker than ourselves. We have to infuse a little of our strength into them.

A man in the north of Scotland once got the present of an eagle. He was very proud of it, and kept it chained in the courtyard of his house. He fed it and petted it, but the poor bird pined and grew weaker day by day. It looked so heart-broken with its drooping wings and its film-covered eyes that at last the owner feared it might die, and he determined to give it its freedom. He took it out to the hillside, and he set it on a rock, and then he lay down in the heather to watch what would happen.

Presently he saw it raise its head, open its eyes and look upwards. The man himself saw nothing but the eagle saw something that he could not see and heard a sound that he could not hear. By and by a speck appeared in the sky. It grew larger and larger, and as it drew near the man saw that it was another eagle coming to the rescue of the sick bird. At last, with a cry of joy, it swooped down beside the invalid. It fanned the poor creature with its mighty wings and lifted it on its broad pinions, till the sick bird gathered strength and courage from its strong friend, and, spreading its wings, soared aloft beside it into the blue sky.

Boys and girls, we should be like that eagle. We should be strength to the weak. We can help

se who have little strength in a thousand small
rs. We needn't make a parade of it, but when
see an opportunity of backing some one up, or
ending a helping hand, or of giving a good lead,
should slip in quietly and use the strength God
e us.

Do you know that about eleven-twelfths of the
ple in the world are weak people—not bad
ple? They are people who need a strong
ier. They are excellent followers if some one

shows them the way. The other twelfth are the
leaders, the strong men, those who bear the
burdens, those who are the foundation-stones on
which others build.

If God has made you one of the rare twelfth, use
the strength He has given you to serve your fellow-
men. So doing you will serve Him, and make
yourself one with Him. For He came to earth
two thousand years ago just that He might help
the fallen and be strength to the weak.

Christianity the World Religion.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY CAVE, D.D., HENLEAZE.

I.

has become a commonplace to say that the
r has made the world seem a very small place.
are compelled to-day to think on the world
e and to seek a world polity. Is that possible
hout a common moral ideal, and can there be a
nmon moral ideal without a common religion?
there such a religion? Can Christianity, for
tance, rightly claim to be of final and so of
versal value?

I.

To some, such a question suggests a sort of
ritual Prussianism. The rights of religions, as
nations, should be respected, and each religion
owed its full and free development, without
ference of any kind. Thus in India, where
contact between East and West has been most
mate, no attitude is commoner than that of
makrishna's, that every man should follow his
n religion, for all religions are pathways to the
h. A Christian should follow Christianity, a
hammadan Muhammadanism, and so forth:
for the Hindus, the ancient path of the Aryan
his is the best. That God is one and that He
ives all honest worship to whomsoever it is
ressed, we would almost all agree, but is such
nolicity as Rāmakrishna's true to fact? Can
igion be thus independent of its objects? Thus
nakrishna himself worshipped an image of Kālī
he Mother of the Universe and believed, in his
usiasm, that it took food from his hand.
en later he desired to experience the ecstasy of

Krishna's love, he put on woman's clothes, lived
in the women's part of the house, spoke in a
woman's voice, until at last as Rādhā, Krishna's
paramour, in a trance he saw standing before him
the Krishna that he so passionately loved. Surely
we cannot say that it makes no difference whether
men see God in the dreaded Kālī or in the holy
Christ. A devotion to Krishna which is the
ecstasy of human passion in its moment of breath-
less abandonment, is not the same as that quiet,
constant faith in Christ, which means repentance,
forgiveness, and a new moral ideal and power.
The truly religious man will recognize and
appreciate in other religions sincerity and zeal,
but, when we remember how diverse religions are,
to say that all religions are alike true, is impossible
unless we hold that all religions are alike false, or
regard God as so unknown that it simply does not
matter how we think of Him. Truth after all is
not a mere question of geography. Humanity is
one. In religion *svādesheism* is out of place. We
may try to ignore religion, but its problems will
not be evaded. We have to-day a common world
life. Religions have met, and we are forced back
again to the question, Is there any religion of final
value? Can Christianity, for instance, claim to be
the world religion, and, if so, in what sense?

II.

As we turn to the books of the New Testament
this much at least seems clear. From its inception,
Christianity was proclaimed as a religion of uni-

versal significance. Christ, indeed, restricted His work almost entirely to the Jews, but He proclaimed God as the universal King and the common Father of men; and even those who, like von Harnack, deny that Christ bade His disciples preach the gospel to the Gentiles admit that 'by His universal religion, which at the same time was the religion of the Son,'¹ Christ bids men come unto Him as unto one who has a perfect and certain knowledge of the Father. He presents Himself to men, and has from the first been preached by His disciples, as the sole sufficient Saviour.

Can such a claim be substantiated? Certainly many of the old arguments have by now to be abandoned. Thus the old proof from miracle would be to-day as ludicrously inappropriate as it was in the Roman Empire. Every religion has its 'miracles,' and in such a land as India, for instance, even to ask the meaning of the name of a hill or village will often mean to hear of miracles so portentous that the Gospel miracles seem but ordinary events; and college students in India have told me, with obvious sincerity, of miracles they have themselves seen worked by holy men. And there is to-day a general recognition that no proof of religion can be given with an entirely objective certainty. Our answers to the perennial questions of philosophy and religion depend less on our mental alertness than on our moral choice, and our judgments are inevitably judgments of 'value'; indications of what we regard as good. Modern Theology has attempted in this way to indicate the truth of Christianity. The moral self—the 'practical reason' of Kant's philosophy—demands for its highest good a faith in God and an ideal in life at once personal and social; and this highest good we cannot find in the world-life around us. So by the 'inner dialectic of faith'² we are led to look for this good in history, and we find just what we are seeking in the Kingdom of God—that spiritual realm into which Christ calls men, where we may know God as Father, and strive to do His will in the world with the obedience of subjects and the glad freedom of children. Suggestive as this apologetic is, it cannot be said to be conclusive. It is certainly right in abandoning any attempt to 'prove' Christianity intellect-

ually, but is it right in assuming that by the moral self a common ideal can be realized? Thus in India, ethics has always seemed inferior in importance to metaphysics, and in the most influential philosophy the highest good is regarded not as a moral activity but as absorption into the infinite. Only if its moral ideal is recreated, will India see in Christ's proclamation of the Kingdom its highest good. Yet the apologetic is so far true and useful. If Christianity is the final religion, then it must be able not only to reveal new moral need but to satisfy all worthy aspiration in itself. History, if it cannot prove, can disprove. The claim of Christianity to be the final religion cannot be proved by the history of religion, but, if true, it will be congruous with its data.

III.

To bring to the test of history the claim of Christianity to be the absolute religion may well seem a counsel of despair. Christianity claims to be religion—the full and perfect satisfaction of the needs of man. The history of religions shows at once that, whether Christianity be thus religion or not, it is at any rate in the first place a religion, one among the many religions of the world. No religion has lived its life solitary and unaffected. It is not only on the periphery of, interest that ethnological words and conceptions have entered into Christianity. Even to express its central doctrines, the Church has utilized from the first the categories of an alien philosophy. It has long been a complaint among Protestants that, after a few centuries of progress, Christianity absorbed from the Roman world pagan thoughts and customs, and that Catholicism, as we know it, is an amalgam of Christian and pagan ideas. The complaint is true, but it can be brought against Protestantism also. As soon as it began its Gentile mission, Christianity came to be influenced in its form by Greek philosophy and religion, Roman conceptions of law and legislature, and possibly even pagan cults and mysteries. This was inevitable. The definition of biology applies also to religion. Life means response to environment. It is mere foolishness for modern missionaries to imagine that the Christianity that they bring with them from highly industrial nations like Great Britain or America, or from a military state like Germany, is a Christianity pure and uninfluenced by its surroundings.

¹ *Expansion of Christianity*, i. 48.

² The phrase is Julius Kaftan's in his *Die Wahrheit der Religion* (p. 550), the classic statement of this proof.

Mr. Temple's words are applicable to every one of us: 'I am, as I hope, a Christian Englishman, and then I am only an English Christian, and my character is moulded not only by the spirit of Christ but also by the spirit of contemporary England, which are not the same.'¹ The Church not only influences, it is influenced by the society in which it lives. It is only prejudice and ignorance which can claim for any extant form of polity or doctrine a final and universal value.

The scientific study of the history of religions has thus made it impossible to suppose that Christianity is absolute in any of its concrete forms. Does that mean, then, that we must abandon belief in the finality of the gospel and with it missionary enterprise? It does not follow. Missions have been hindered much, and helped much, by the schemings of ecclesiastics. Their impulse has come from the desire to share a gift, to propagate a system. However it may be in other men, religion means for the Christian communion with God. God has shown us Him-

¹ *Foundations*, 355, 356.

self in Jesus Christ. We know that He is the holy Father; we know that we are called to lives of trust and service. And we are sure that this knowledge of God is a true knowledge and a certain possession. Our communion with Him depends on what we know Him to be. Doubtless all men may draw near to God and come into intercourse with Him, but intercourse is not communion. Communion is possible only with those we really know, the few whose lives we are permitted to share. Such a communion we may have with God in Jesus Christ. Our certainty of the finality of Christianity—which is only another way of saying, our recognition of its missionary nature—depends on the experience of our Christian faith. It is a conviction, not based on proof or capable of it. It is unreasoned but it need not be irrational. It cannot be proved but it can be tested. Christianity, as the religion of true communion with God, claims to be religion. If so, it must be adequate to the religious needs of the race as expressed in the great religions. If true, the history of religions, though it cannot prove, should support its claim.

Contributions and Comments.

'Carry on!' (Luke xix. 13).

AMONG the many excellent things in the January number is the note on this text. We are not told whether the young soldier who quoted from the text knew Greek or not. If he did not, then, as we truly say—'only a touch of spiritual genius'—he would have suggested that almost perfect paraphrase 'Carry on till I come.' And the best of it is that the lad's rendering is *more* than a paraphrase; it is absolutely correct and literal. The verb is *καταμεύσασθε*, which just means *Carry on business*. 'Occupy' does not seem adequate—'*Occupy till I come*' being liable to be misunderstood as meaning simply *keep possession till I come*.

And, if *Παραμεύσασθε* (v.¹³) means *Carry on*, perhaps, the best rendering of the compound verb *διεπαραμεύσατε* (v.¹⁵) will be—*Carried on through*—the verb not at all suggesting the thought of mere *material* gain or profit. What is wanted here is known in *τι διεπαραμεύσατε* is simply the

result. And the answer that would satisfy the nobleman, in the parable, would satisfy the young soldier too—namely this—losing or gaining *nothing*!; faithfulness and diligence *everything*!—Give us the wages of carrying *on*, and of carrying *through*.

P. THOMSON.

Dunning.

The Septuagint Version of Leviticus.

It has frequently been observed that the Septuagint does not always faithfully reproduce the Hebrew text which lay before it. Sometimes the translators, under the influence of the theology of their time, have taken offence at the cruder teaching of an earlier time and have altered expressions which suggested unworthy ideas of God's nature or of Israel's worship. Sometimes they seem to have noted difficulties, which have formed part of the argument for our modern critical position, and to

have sought to remove these by a change in the text.

It may be worth while to set down here illustrations of both methods of procedure in the Septuagint version of the book of Leviticus.

Throughout that book a comparatively common expression for the sacrifice is *לֶחֶם* or *לֶחֶם אֱלֹהִים*, i.e. bread, or bread of God. The phrase is distinctly anthropomorphic, and goes back to a time when the flesh, meal, or cakes offered on the altar was actually regarded as the sustenance of the gods. When it first occurs, Lv 3¹¹, the Septuagint renders it *δσμη εὐδίας*. One might, recognizing that the Greek stands for *רִיחַ נִיחָח*, another familiar description of the sacrifices, suppose that the Septuagint had here a different reading. But only a little further down at v.¹⁶ the MT has both *לֶחֶם* and *רִיחַ נִיחָח*, and the Septuagint omits *לֶחֶם*. The fact raises the suspicion that the translators have taken offence at the description of the sacrifices as bread. And this is confirmed by their uniform practice in the rest of the book. Thus 21⁶, 8, 17, 21f., 22²⁵ we find in the Septuagint *δῶπα*. In Nu 28²⁴ the rendering is *δῶπον*, in Nu 28² it is *δῶπα δόματα*, a conflate reading. The nearest approach the Septuagint allows to a literal rendering is in Ezk 44⁷, where it has *ἄφρους*. The uniformity of the change points to a deliberate intention in the minds of the translators.

An illustration of a change which arises from a desire to evade a difficulty or remove a contradiction is found in Lv 26⁴⁵. The MT reads *וּזְכַרְתִּי לָהֶם בְּרִית רִאשֹׁנִים אֲשֶׁר הוֹצֵאתִי אֹתָם מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם*, and I will remember in their favour the covenant of the former persons, or predecessors, whom I brought out of the land of Egypt. Now this glaringly contradicts what immediately follows in v.⁴⁶ 'these are the statutes and the judgments and the toroth which Yahweh gave between Himself and the children of Israel by the hand of Moses in Mount Sinai.' It is obviously impossible to describe the men who came out of Egypt as 'a former generation' or as 'predecessors,' since the laws are regarded as being delivered over to the men who have just come up out of Egypt. The writer has fallen out of his part, and has betrayed the fact that he is writing for and to a much later generation. Now the Septuagint reads in v.⁴⁵ *καὶ μνησθήσομαι αὐτῶν τῆς διαθήκης τῆς προτέρας ὅτε ἐξήγαγον αὐτοὺς ἐκ γῆς Αἰγύπτου*; and I will re-

member for them (!) the former [covenant] when I brought them out of the land of Egypt. The translator cannot mean that there was a covenant between Yahweh and His people which was entered into at the time when the Israelites left Egypt, for there was no such covenant. He must mean 'the former covenant,' the covenant with the patriarchs; but in that case, what sense can he have attached to the date 'when I brought them out of the land of Egypt'? The fact that his translation does not make very good sense, while the MT runs with perfect smoothness, proves that his was not the original text. In seeking to avoid one difficulty or remove one contradiction, however, he has fallen into another.

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'And he that hath no sword, let him . . . buy one' (Luke xii. 35-38).

THE following explanation of this difficult passage occurred to me some months ago. As far as I can discover, it has not been suggested before. Though not entirely satisfactory, it appears to me to be more so than other explanations, and I am glad to submit it for the consideration of scholars.

Jesus was going out from the upper room with the consciousness that He probably had but a few hours left of freedom, before the authorities arrested Him; and, when He asked the question recorded in Luke 22³⁵, we may suppose that His mind was dominated by two leading ideas: one, the practical certainty that He was about to be arrested, tried, and executed by the Jewish and Roman authorities, as if He were nothing better than an ordinary criminal; and, as v.³⁷ indicates, there went along with this the vision of Isaiah's picture of God's suffering servant, which pointed to His rejection as outcast and as law-breaker. The unique conception of a suffering 'servant of Jehovah' which we find in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah is applied to Jesus Christ in Peter's First Epistle (1 P 2²²⁻²⁴) by the Apostle Philip, in Ac 8³²; by the first Evangelist (Mt 8¹⁷), in what seems an inadequate way; and, almost certainly, by Peter and the disciples, when they spoke of Jesus (in Ac 3 and 4) as *παιδὰ Θεοῦ*,—an expression which may be translated either 'servant of God' or 'child of

God.' We have only very fragmentary evidence as to how far Jesus regarded Himself as fulfilling the 'servant of Jehovah' passages of Isaiah; but, considering how unique they are among the Old Testament prophecies, it is surely right to assume that, at any rate as His rejection and crucifixion grew more and more certain and imminent, so His human consciousness became more and more steeped in their graphic details. Had not the prophet declared that the Servant must be despised and rejected of men, smitten, as it were, of God, wounded and chastised, brought as a victim to the laughter, and even reckoned among the 'criminals' or 'transgressors'? Only thus, He knew as the result of His divine insight into the laws of human nature, could He heal the moral wounds of 'transgressors'—could He so 'intercede' for them, that they might once more become reunited with God.

We may therefore reasonably suppose that at this crisis the mind of Jesus was filled with these thoughts, as directly shaped by Isaiah's words. And into conjunction with them came the clear presentiment, if not the actual knowledge, that at the moment the Jewish Sanhedrin, the only governmental authority willingly recognized by the patriotic Jew, had in readiness a guard of soldiers and temple police, armed with swords and clubs (cp. Mk 14⁴³ and Jn 18³), under orders to waylay and arrest Him in the darkness of the olive garden, as they would arrest the head of a dangerous gang of lawless men—of robbers. We need not assume that the Son of God, who had surely with His humanity accepted human limitations upon His knowledge, anticipated exactly all the details of His impending doom, such as, for instance, the substitution for Himself of the robber Barabbas as the prisoner to be released by the Roman Governor; yet we may well suppose that He looked forward to suffering the punishment usually meted out to the robber or the brigand—to scourging followed by crucifixion, and to His sharing this fate with other condemned robbers at that time known to be awaiting execution.

Such tragic anticipations would naturally lead Jesus to select from among the various images of Isaiah's prophecy the words quoted by Him in v. ³⁷ of our passage—'and he was reckoned among the law-breakers.'—And, if we remember His first words to the armed band on their arrival, 'Have you come out as if to fight with a *robber*, with swords and cudgels?' (22⁵²), we may naturally infer that

the particular type of law-breakers, amongst whom He felt that He would be classed, was that of *robbers*. (The word *ἀννομος* of v. ³⁷ and of Is 53¹² has a wide range of meaning in Hellenistic Greek, but it was frequently used for a person habitually guilty of assaults of violence—of robbery and murder.) And here it seems to me that we may have the key-thought which explains the chief difficulties of these four verses. I would attempt to paraphrase them thus.

'Once I sent you, My disciples, out on a mission of goodwill to mankind, as sheep in the midst of wolves, at the mercy of all, dependent absolutely upon the kindness of others for your livelihood. At My bidding you started out without any change of garments or of shoes, such as your long journeyings might require, without money to make purchases, or food to eat, yes, without even a purse to carry money, or a bag to carry any food or other gifts that men may give you on your way. And yet when you went thus, innocent as lambs or as doves, you lacked nothing; God supplied all your simple needs, putting it into the hearts of the men and women whom you met to satisfy them. (See Lk 9¹⁻⁴ and 10¹⁻⁷.) But *now* we are going forth to receive very different treatment at the hands of men—at the hands of the established authorities of this land. We are about to be treated as persons who, far from serving their fellow-men in innocency and love, prey upon them, as wolves prey upon sheep. Police and soldiers are to be sent to arrest us, just as they would be sent against a dangerous gang of robbers. Little enough does our present dress and equipment resemble that of men worthy of such treatment. Perhaps, therefore, we might well do something on our side to act the part of robbers, which the authorities, in harmony with the ancient prophecy seem determined to force upon us. The first requirement of a robber is a sword, let us then procure swords; and, as we have but little or no money, let us buy swords with the price secured for our outer garments, which are but useless hindrances to men preparing for deeds of violence. And purses and bags we shall need also—this time not for the gifts which goodwill procures for us, but again as part of the robber's equipment, purses for the money stolen from our victims, bags or scrips for the other valuables that may form part of the plunder.'

If this interpretation is correct, we must assume that Jesus is here speaking in a tone of strong irony, such as it might seem difficult to find elsewhere

in His recorded words. And yet, is it not a similar irony, though of a less poignant character, which tinged, for instance, His words to the Pharisees, 'I came not to call *the righteous*, but sinners to repentance' (Mk 2¹⁷)? Was it not by an equally daring paradox that He compared God to an unrighteous judge, or the prudent disciple to a dishonest steward? Or, closer parallel still, does He not liken Himself, in His spiritual strife with evil, to a robber, who attacks a householder, overpowers him, and plunders his goods? (Mt 12²⁹ and Lk 11^{21, 22}). Such 'hard sayings' may justify us in explaining the passage under discussion, in default of any other really satisfactory explanation, as a piece of very strong dramatic irony. It is incredible that Jesus can have asked His disciples to arm themselves with swords in self-defence; this conclusion is inconsistent with both the character and the mission of Jesus, as well as with the sequel, in which He forbade Peter the use of his sword. Moreover, of what use could two swords be against an armed band?

Assuming then that Jesus spoke in irony, His disciples, as might be expected, failed to understand Him. They produced two swords; 'Enough!' ('*Ἰκανόν ἐστίν*') was the word with which the Master dismissed the subject; not meaning thereby to imply that two swords were enough for the purposes of attack or defence, but speaking rather in weariness of their dull understanding, or in sadness—'enough of such dullness! let us think of other things.' (See Thayer's Lexicon, art. *ἰκανός*.)

We may ask why He did not make it clear at this point that the weapons were not needed. Perhaps, indeed, He did, and the words are not recorded. Perhaps far deeper issues made Him overlook this as a minor consideration. Or again, He may have deliberately left the sword in Peter's hand, in order that He might manifest the power of His personality and teach a more striking lesson, by healing the wound that the weapon might inflict;—just as the Fourth Evangelist records Jesus as saying that a man was born blind 'in order that the works of God (in healing him) might be openly shown.' There is much instruction to be derived from the different accounts we have of Peter's blow at the High Priest's servant and its effect. The healing of the injured ear is mentioned only by Luke; but, if we admit the miraculous, it has strong indication of being historical. For it fits in perfectly with the

character of Jesus; and, without some such striking exhibition of love and power, it is difficult to see how Peter's deadly blow, which might easily have proved fatal, could fail to provoke a bitter retaliation upon himself and his companions.

But we are digressing beyond the scope of this note, of which the object is to explain Jesus' strange direction as to swords in v.³⁶, by bringing it into connexion with His comparison of Himself in v.³⁷ to a 'law-breaker,' and in v.⁵² to a 'robber.'

STEPHEN HOBHOUSE.

'Locusts and Wild Honey.'

Ἀκρίδες καὶ μέλι ἄγριον.

THE common explanation is that the ascetic character of the Baptist's diet is here indicated. It may be objected, however, that honey is a luxury which no one would taste who renounced the pleasures of the palate. Witness the outcry raised against the reading in Lk 22⁴² καὶ ἀπὸ μελισσίου κηρίου.

In order to appreciate the sense it is necessary to bear in mind the symbolism habitually practised by the prophets. Thus honey is symbolical, typifying honeyed words. Similarly ἀκρίδες (grasshoppers) are the types and emblems of enchanting utterance. Together they stand for perfection of diction, as desired and acquired by one who, on his own confession, was nothing but a *ων*. To the ancients the grasshopper's note seemed the most musical in nature. Thus Simichidas is made to express his inferiority to other poets in the words, βάτραχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὥς τις ἐρίσδω.¹

It was because of the honey-sweet and cicala-like eloquence of John that ἐξεπορεύετο πρὸς αὐτὸν Ἱεροσόλυμα. The city-dwellers found a sylvan simplicity in his words which was eminently refreshing. He might indeed have said of himself—to quote the words of the neatherd to Eunica, ἔρρεέ μοι φωνὰ γλυκερωτέρα ἢ μέλι κηρῶ.²

How idyllic are the little pictures he draws of the axe laid to the root of the trees, and of the vipers creeping out of their lurking-places in the thickets which have been set on fire!

¹ 'I croak like a frog the grasshoppers among.' Theocritus *Idyll*, vii. 41.

² 'From my lips flowed a voice more sweet than the honey of the comb.' *Ib.* xx. 28.

"Ἰδε τὸν ἀρνὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ. It sounds almost like a Theocritean pastoral. When we hear the *Agnus Dei* sung in the Holy Communion service, it is helpful to remember that we owe it to the *vates numerosus*, who in solitary communion with Nature's κάλαμοι σείόμενοι and καλὰ ῥέεθρα caught the music of the grasshoppers and imbibed the honey of the bees.

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The Beasts of Dan. vii.

THE interpretation of the chapter that follows this, Dn 8, is in large measure supplied by the sacred text itself. The ram which has two horns (Dn 8³) is the Medo-Persian empire, and the horn which is higher and comes up later represents the Persians as distinguished from the Medes. It butts to the west, and to the north, and to the south; and this evidently represents the advance of the Persian arms, presumably against Babylonia, Lydia, and Egypt. Then the he-goat appears, representing the Greek power as united under Alexander, but this power soon divides into four main kingdoms, Macedonia, Syria, Egypt, and Lysimachus' kingdom in Thrace and Bithynia, which may be said to have evolved into the kingdom of Pergamum. And the little horn in Antiochus.

It is surprising that any, with the eighth chapter before them, should hesitate as to the interpretation of the bear in Dn 7⁶. Just as the ram has one horn higher than the other, so the bear is raised upon one side; just as the ram butts in three directions, so the bear has three ribs in its mouth. And again, just as the he-goat's single great horn gives place to four notable horns, towards the four winds of heaven, so the bear is succeeded by a single leopard, which yet has four wings and four heads. The parallel is obvious, and the kingdoms represented must be the same.

The chief reason that prevents commentators

from adopting the above exegesis, which surely is the only correct one, seems to be the fear that they may be compelled to identify the fourth beast in Dn 7 with the Roman power. But this is by no means a necessity; it may just as well signify the Seleucids in Syria, the dynasty to which Antiochus iv. Epiphanes belonged. It had such an importance for the Jews that it might well be portrayed by a separate beast, even although it is included, strictly speaking, in the figure of the leopard. And it may well be intended by the feet, partly of iron and partly of clay, in the second chapter. The Seleucid monarchs were great fighters, but their hold on the Oriental part of their enormous dominions was always weak, and the native element, here as in Egypt, gained on the Hellenistic. The relations of the Oriental to the Hellenistic element are admirably portrayed in that of the clay to the iron, but are not to be recognized so easily in the case of Rome. The bronze belly and thighs represent the united kingdom under Alexander.

It may perhaps be of interest to note that the traditional note on Dn 7⁸ in our English Catholic Bibles runs as follows: 'This is commonly understood of Antichrist. It may also be applied to that great persecutor Antiochus Epiphanes, as a figure of Antichrist.' And St. Thomas Aquinas in the Proœmium to his commentary on the Psalms says: 'In Daniel many things are said of Antiochus as a type of Christ; wherefore some things are there read which were not fulfilled in him, but they will be fulfilled in Antichrist.'

But the discussion whether the fourth beast in Dn 7 represents Rome or the Seleucids should not in any case be allowed to cast in doubt the exegesis of the first three beasts. Nor should the Medes be separated from the Persians; 'Darius the Mede,' in Dn 5³¹ presents a formidable difficulty, which there is no need to discuss here, but he is represented as subject to the law of the Medes and Persians as to one single law.

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Entre Nous.

ON the 24th of December there appeared in *The Times* an article of nearly two columns in length, being a review of the second volume of the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church* (T. & T. Clark; 25s. net). As the Dictionary is not reviewed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, that review may be recommended for reading.

One of the literary surprises of the War has been the demand for the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. How is it to be accounted for? The evidence, so far as it is available, points to a wider knowledge of its contents. A Roman Catholic priest, just returned from Rome, informs us through a friend that *no book of any kind is now so frequently consulted in the Vatican*. The tenth volume has been published; the last two are well on the way. The whole will be comfortably contained in twelve volumes.

SOME TOPICS.

With Anger.

Dr. Westcott's lectures are another very vivid memory. I was not reading theology, and therefore had to take them as a luxury, to be indulged in when my own Tripos lectures allowed. The courses I attended were thronged by men who received certificates of attendance, in view of bishops' requirements at ordination. At the back of the big room could generally be seen a few embryo priests of a style which is not unfamiliar at the seminaries of sound learning and religious education. These worthies, being absolutely incapable of following the lecture, would play cards or read novels, and secure some more intelligent friend's notes afterwards to copy. Once Westcott stopped abruptly in his lecture and fixed the back bench with wrath in his eye. Gathering up his gown, he strode down to the door, and presently we saw a big undergraduate towering above the little Professor and looking about as thoroughly withered as a man could do. In a minute or two the door opened, the hopes of a certificate vanished sullenly down the stairs, the Professor came back to his desk, and we resumed our note-taking. The incident will serve as a companion to the solitary instance of Westcott's powers of wrath narrated in the *Life*, which made

his son ever after believe in the story that Edward once killed a man by looking at him.¹

Your Favourite Passage.

A man is known by the company he keeps in his reading, by the authors he loves, by his preferences and his aversions. A well-loved writer cites this from Thoreau as 'the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author': 'It takes two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear.' The same writer tells us that to his thinking 'the noblest passage in one of the noblest books of this century is where the old pope glories in the trial, nay, in the partial fall and but imperfect triumph of the younger hero.'²

Of Pure Love for his Country.

Let me tell you—or remind you—of this, for a true history and a parable. In the year 1870, in the little village of Arbois in France and in a cottage close by the bridge that crosses the Cuisance river, there abode a small half-paralysed man, working at his books to a word which he constantly repeated—*Laboremus*. For his school in Paris was closed and he had been sent out of the city as an 'idle mouth' and indeed he was clearly unfit to carry arms. 'But sometimes,' says his biographer, 'when he was sitting quietly with his wife and daughter, the town-crier's trumpet would sound: and forgetting all else, he must run out of doors, mix with the groups standing on the bridge, listen to the latest news of disaster, and creep like a dumb hurt animal back to his room, where the portrait of his father, an ex-sergeant of Napoleon's 3rd Regiment of the Line,—'the brave amongst the brave,'—hung to reproach him. 'Shall we not cry, "Happy are the dead?"' wrote this paralytic man to one friend; and to another, 'How fortunate you are to be young and strong. Why cannot I begin a new life of study and work. Unhappy France, dear country, if I could only assist in raising thee from thy disasters!'

Now that man swore—in the depth of national defeat, in the anguish of a brain active while the

¹ J. H. Moulton, *The Christian Religion in the Study and the Street*, 99.

² Sir Edward Cook, *Literary Recreations*, 180.

body was laid impotent—to raise France again to her rank among the nations and by work of pure beneficence. He would never forgive Germany: but he—a man warned of his end—would live to build this monument, for the glory of France, to shame by its nobility that vulgar excrescence raised by Germany over the Rhine. You may read it all in this *Life*; how the vow was taken, how pursued, how achieved. I, who quote this vow and its accomplishment, saw the wreaths piled five-and-twenty years later by all Europe—prouder trophies for a cathedral than stands of captured colours—on the grave of Pasteur.

‘But that which put glory of grace into all that he did,’ says Bunyan of Greatheart, ‘was that he did it of pure love for his Country.’¹

Angels.

Mr. Charles A. Hall, who writes confidently about the life to come,—his book is *They do not Die*,—writes as confidently about angels. ‘It has been customary to imagine that there is, in the spiritual world, a superior race of beings who know nothing of the grossness of earth, and who constitute a heavenly hierarchy, or a coterie of super-beings quite distinct from ordinary humanity. The belief has been fostered by poets and wrongful interpretation of Holy Writ. As a matter of fact, angels, in our Scriptures, are sometimes referred to as men, and all the parts and virtues therein attributed to them are distinctly human. The seer of Patmos, who was disposed to worship the angel who showed him so many wonders, was restrained from such action: the enlightened one saying to him, “See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.” How an angel who had not known earth, and the temptations and trials of humanity, could minister sympathetically to man, passes comprehension. “Angel” literally means a messenger, and the term is really applied to “just men made perfect,” spirits who once dwelt upon earth in a material body, but have since passed through death and the purifying fires of life. They have reached a degree of spiritual manhood which peculiarly qualifies them for employment as “ministering spirits.” We can conceive of no occupants of the spiritual world who are not human, and who have

not once been men on earth. And, necessarily, a personal Devil, who, according to a Miltonic conceit, is a fallen angel become the sworn enemy of God and man, is a mere fiction. The Lucifer of Holy Writ (Isaiah 14) was a figurative term applied to a king of Babylon. The writer of the noble hymn, “Lead, Kindly Light,” gave us a truer and a nobler conception of the angels:

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.²

Could we see the other side of death, we should behold a fair vision of such angels, fine-souled, large-hearted, and tenderly-affected human beings treating the new arrival with the most sympathetic concern:

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

is no sickly sentiment, but fact of the most practical kind. The heaven that “lies about us in our infancy” also encircles us on our arrival into the spirit realms, and, doubtless, the patriotic lads who have been given such quick shrift on the field of battle have seen the beckoning fingers and experienced the heavenward enticement.³

NOTES ON TEXTS.

ROMANS 8³⁸.—Does Christianity speak the truth? No one can say who has not tested it in action; and those who have tested it cannot prove it to those who have not. They can only affirm their utter certainty, as St. Paul does when he says—I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Only through the music of those words can we understand their meaning, for that alone tells us what they meant to the speaker. He speaks of his utter certainty like a poet who, with his music, convinces us that he tells the truth about himself. He speaks like a poet in love; and we know something more from the words of the poet than that he is in love. He makes us share the passionate certainty of his love.³

² But that was not Newman’s idea.—Ed.

³ A. Clutton-Brock, *Studies in Christianity*, 64.

¹ Quiller Couch, *Studies in Literature*, 320.

MATTHEW 18³.—To enter any kingdom worth entering, and above all whatever we call a Kingdom of Heaven, it is necessary for us not to be, but to become, little children, not merely to recover child-like graces, which may be but a pretty veil drawn over imbecility, but to temper the vivid and varied colours, the hot and violent passions, the strident notes of mature experience, all to harmony, to a simplicity which holds in firm government a host of tendencies, impulses, and powers, ready without that government to break into discord. This is not the simplicity of childhood, but of seasoned age. Simple children treat the humble and the august with the same sweetness or the same pretty and pardonable impertinence, and make upon both the same demands, while they do not see the difference; but when they come to learn a little of the significance of dignity, whether of office, or of station, or of age, they are often at a loss how to behave. The same behaviour is not appropriate in all circumstances and in all places and towards all persons, when once we have learnt the real distinctions which exist in circumstances, places, and persons. An infant, carried to his christening, may, without reproach to himself, though not without extreme discomfort for his kindred and his sponsors, behave as he would in his nursery; but a man who should comport himself in a cathedral as he would in his club would deserve and receive our censure. He should be natural in both, and to be natural he must neither cause, nor allow, a divorce between one part of himself and another: to be natural he must be his whole self. Our difficulty is not that we have two or more worlds, but that we have two or more selves; if this marks an advance (as in a sense it may) upon the simplicity, the unity of childhood, it indicates also the need for a further advance to a new simplicity, a higher unity. There is no dissonance in unison, for none is possible; harmony is the reconciliation of divers tones. But harmony attempted and not achieved is discord, and hurt by that we resort to a single note, which lacks the clearness, if it is without the shrillness, of childish music.¹

1 PETER 1⁴.—Mr. J. P. Struthers of *The Morning Watch* attended Professor Aitken's lectures at the Hall of the United Original Secession Church. One day a student had read in

¹ E. T. Campagnac, *Religion and Religious Teaching*, 25.

1 P 1⁴ a description of the heavenly inheritance. The Professor paused, repeated slowly the Greek words which had been read—*εἰς κληρονομίαν ἀφθαρτον καὶ ἀμίαντον καὶ ἀμόραντον*—and then, as if emerging from a fit of wonder, said, 'as if the thought was music to the apostle's soul.'²

PSALM 95⁴.—Mr. Struthers travelled round the world. In India he was much moved by the grandeur of the Himalayas. One of the heights is Kinchinjunga (or Kinchinjunga, as he spells it), between Sikkim and Nepal, over 28,000 feet. 'At length,' he says, 'the mist cleared away, and there stood before us, white with everlasting snow, the top of Kinchinjunga. I need scarcely tell you that to look at it over the ten ranges of intervening mountains, that ever rose higher and higher the nearer they came to Kinchinjunga, was our chief occupation for three days. When we went to church on Sabbath and heard in the morning service that "the strength of hills is His also," we got a new idea of the words. They were away up in the clouds, those hills, with an awful barrier look about them, and yet they rose so gradually you felt God could have made mountains twice as high. There was no feeling of effort about them at all.'³

PSALM 116¹¹.—And this leads me to remark that all men are liars here—the English, *i.e.* some of them, as at home, if it is to their advantage; the natives, whether or no.⁴

MATTHEW 27⁴⁵.—I believe Miss Cobbe is right—in every Calvary there must be 'darkness over the face of all the land' for awhile.

Well, indeed, if we can always keep a firm grip of:

Only this, that He knoweth the way that I tread,

And His banner of crimson is over my head.

And again:

This only for solace,—God knoweth indeed
Where the poverty galls,—of what things we
have need.⁵

MATTHEW 4⁶.—'I took Colani from the shelf,' she says on one occasion, 'and read, "Cast thyself

² *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 21.

³ *Ibid.*, 63.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 67.

⁵ *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 243.

down,—for the devil can suggest ; compel can he never.”¹

About 1 Timothy 5²³, with its suggestion that we should ‘no longer be a water-drinker, but take a little wine for his stomach’s sake and his frequent infirmities.’ It is strange that a verse which palpably gives scriptural authority for total abstinence, except for medical purposes, should be so perversely misquoted to encourage ‘moderate drinking’!²

SOME RECENT POETRY.

Ernest Rhys.

The new volume which Mr. Rhys has issued and to which he has given the title of *The Leaf Burners* (Dent ; 4s. 6d. net) will certainly widen the circle of his readers. For it has poems that are simple and true and touching. Read this on

THE HOME-RETURNED SOLDIER.

I saw a young soldier sitting alone,
Home from the wars ; wounded, unhappy,
His face pale as paper above his red necktie,
His khaki coat, and blue breeches ;—
Yawning and stretching at the gate of the
gardens.

Should I halt at his seat, and ask him his
news ?

Should I sit down beside him upon the wet
bench ?

The mud made me doubt, and the edge of the
wind ;

And I nodded my head, with a nod non-
committal,

Quickened my paces and hurried away.

Behind me, some footsteps and wheels told of
nursemaids—

Three of them, wheeling so primly their nurs-
lings,

Talking so mim, as one might to a mistress ;

Maids automatic, each one an appendage

Of her square p’rambulator ;

Stiff as pins, you might think—till they saw the
young soldier.

Oh Ares ! Great Scott ! and Pythian Apollo
What a change there was then in the scene,
—and the soldier !

For the handmaids, all three, had halted their
chariots ;

And one laughed such a laugh, so joyous and
noisy,

So jolly and rowdy and mistress-defying,

So rude and rebellious and baby-alarming,

That the cold dripping laurels thought it must
be the herons

Were shrilling and clapping their wings by the
pond.

Once again I looked back, at the shout of that
laughter—

So unfitting the scene, the dark and sad land-
scape,

Chill trees and wet wind—and what did I see ?

Two nursemaids were sitting, one each side the
soldier,

And one stood before him, his cap on her
head,

And his face had grown red, and his khaki was
shaking

With amorous mirth as he rallied the nurse-
maids.

I wished, as I went, that their music was
sweeter ;

But Apollo on high forthright from the cloud
Shot shafts of delight, and shone, and
reproach’d me,

‘You did nothing for him, your home-returned
soldier ;

But went slinking off. They have warmed him
with laughter,

They like his rum face, red tie and blue
breeches,

And out of their heart’s love have taken the
strings,

And hung it about him—the joyousest garland
Ever made for a man in his sulking and mop-
ing ;

And the heavens are pleased, for the gift that
goes hot

And hot from the heart is good for a soldier ;

And when you have had months of Krupp in
the trenches,

You do not ask lutes in the hands of the
Graces.’

¹ *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 483.

² E. A. Burroughs, *The Faith of Friends*, 63.

Many of the poems are engendered by the War, and enable us to see it in some of its less familiar phases.

Helen Cash.

The author of *The Dreamer and other Poems* (Palmer & Hayward; 3s. 6d. net) is in earnest and has ability enough to carry her earnestness into poetry. She is in earnest to make life better for others, not to find it easier for herself. She grudges the young and strong who have fallen because they might with youth and strength have done so much to make better this sorry scheme of things. She makes no terms with a man or a people that is not striving to make good. Listen to this patriotic outburst:

While there are weary feet and toilworn hands,
And lips too tired for laughter, eyes too sad
For tears, and hearts made wolfish by despair,
And misery that drives men almost mad:

While there are feet that creep before the dawn,
With brains enfeebled, bodies weak and starved,
And souls depraved by vile incestuous loves,
Young faces marred by lines that crime has carved:

While there is bestial bargaining for love,
And loathsome gutters where wan children play,
And rooms in which men breed like human lice,
And men who say the world was made that way—

While there are sunshine, woods, and flowering fields,
Sea shore, and brown wet rocks, and golden sand—

While there is one wan child face lacking these—
England, I scorn Thee, Thee my native land.

E. J. Thompson.

Mesopotamian Verses, by E. J. Thompson, M.C., C.F. (Kelly; 2s.), are hard to read. For every poem is an act of heroism, and the restraint of the poetry, the very fineness of it, makes the act the more heroic. The places that have become familiar to us along the Tigris are sepulchres of our

own heroic dead. And nearly every poem is the memory of such a place. Yet there is now and then a sweet picture:

THE OLD EMBRASURE.

Where wind-waves had drifted
The waves of dust,
I found a thorn that lifted
Strong arms of trust
Against a gun-embrasure;
Green of leaf and bud,
With stars of azure
And berries of blood.

But the memory of the fallen is never far away, as in

THE WADI.

Wind that in the Wadi
Sett'st the scrub asighing,
In the Wadi, where the grouse are crying!
Like the souls of men
Homeward fleeting,
Through the wintry heavens the fowl their way
are beating.

Stream that in the Wadi
Sett'st the grasses swaying,
In the Wadi, where the waves are playing!
Like the souls of men
Homeward going,
Down the racing stream the silvered waves are
flowing.

You that saw men die,
Wind and Stream! Reply!
After all our pain
Does no trace remain,
But flying
Wings, and crying
Fowl, and weeds and water sighing?

Edward Thomas.

The *Last Poems* of Mr. Edward Thomas (Selwyn & Blount; 4s. 6d. net) are almost all poems of nature. Trees, winds, birds—especially birds, are ever returning. And the tone is pessimistic in spite of this intimacy. For the birds and the bushes suggest missed opportunities, lost ideals, unhopeful outlooks, and even a doubtful Providence. Yet it is all deeply interesting, sometimes absorbingly so, and very poetical. This is one of the darkest:

FEBRUARY AFTERNOON.

en heard this roar of parleying starlings, saw,
 A thousand years ago even as now,
 Black rooks with white gulls following the
 plough
 o that the first are last until a caw
 ommands that last are first again,—a law
 Which was of old when one, like me, dreamed
 how
 A thousand years might dust lie on his brow
 et thus would birds do between hedge and shaw.
 me swims before me, making as a day
 A thousand years, while the broad ploughland
 oak
 Roars mill-like and men strike and bear the
 stroke
 Of war as ever, audacious or resigned,
 and God still sits aloft in the array
 That we have wrought him, stone-deaf and
 stone-blind.

Twelve Poets.

Messrs. Selwyn & Blount have issued a volume
 selections from the most recent poetry of *Twelve*
poets of our day (5s. net). They are poets indeed,
 now recognized as poets even by the editors of up-
 date periodicals. They are Edward Thomas,
 H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, Vivian Locke
 Ellis, A. Hugh Fisher, Robin Flower, John Free-
 man, James Guthrie, Ruth Manning Sanders,
 C. Squire, Rowland Thirlmere, W. J. Turner.
 Quotation is needless. This by Mr. Robin Flower
 will serve to show how determined our poets are to
 find a gesture of their own':

THE DEAD.

hey had forgotten that for which they died,
 ardours and angers, valiancy and pride,
 he blows given for blows, the blood, the stench,
 he grenade scattering death in the dripping
 trench,
 he humming death and the droning death in
 the air
 and the sad earth pitted and riven everywhere—
 hey had forgotten all; and now gathered
 together
 ke flocks of birds fluttering in the serene
 weather
 hen the exhausted summer day draws to an end,
 enemy by enemy going as friend by friend,

Rejoicing and rioting there, truants from life,
 Forgetting mistress and friend, children and wife,
 Released from hate and love, mated or unmated,
 Wondering at how they had loved, how they
 had hated,
 Spirits alight and alert, circling and flying
 Over death and life, being done with living and
 dying,
 Being free of the flesh, glad runaways from that
 prison,
 Eager for joy, avid of light, from slumber arisen;
 So enemy going by enemy as friend by friend
 In the level light of the quiet evening end
 They flew and mounted and dwindled and so
 were gone,
 And the night drew down and stars came one
 by one,
 A wandering wind began to mutter and sigh,
 And the earth lay lonely under a livid sky.

'D.'

All is well with 'D,' who sends out the small
 book of poetry called *The Celtic Tinker* (Heffer;
 1s. 6d. net)—all is well, except the technical skill.
 And that is probably but a matter of revision.
 There are lines that could easily be made more
 poetical and phrases also. This sonnet shows
 what 'D' can do with care:

O hast thou known it? Known the restless, trite
 And aching weariness of life subside
 At last, and backward slowly, slowly slide,
 Till peace enfold thee as a globe of light?
 And now there breaks upon thy weary sight
 A long line of white sands, where wavelets glide,
 And silver silence in the air doth hide,
 And brittle grasses, green as malachite
 Without, and satin-ribbed with snow within,
 Stand waist-deep in the sand, and little thin
 Pink shells are lost in the still, shimmering
 white
 Of earth and sea, all lapped in that pale light?
 This is the borderland 'twixt God and thee,
 The curving argent of eternity.

J. M. Courtney.

Captain Courtney has considerable skill in rhyme,
 but sometimes he attempts more than he can carry
 through. Once he attempts to write a sonnet of
 which every line shall end with one rhyme. The

rhyme is 'tears,' 'nears,' 'years,' etc., but before the fourteen lines are finished he has to use 'bears,' and 'prayers.' Nor is the poem on the Symbol of the Wooden Cross quite successful. This is the first stanza :

There grew a Tree in leafy pride
Whereon there hung One, crucified,
There hung an One, Who dying cried
A meed of Hope to the whole wide
Of the world—Who crying died.

The best of his poetry is, after all, and with all his skill, in blank verse. Take this :

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

Humbly I stand before the Beauty of the World,
Bending my tranced soul in wonder mute,
What time my aching tongue must cease
For very inability to speak
The passion-thoughts that throb and throb,
Making such burning pain in me,
To cry to all the peoples of the winds :
'Behold ! The Presence of your God !
Unloose the sandals on your feet ;
Fling wide your arms and cry out—"Hail !"
So would I speak if I had words,
When humbly I stand before the Beauty of the
World.

There is more Godhead and more holy Prayer
In the frail crimson of the sunset's veil
Or in the narrow grass-blades green
Than in St. Peter's mighty dome itself.
Wherefore I say—
'If you would see the Image of your God,
Humbly then stand before the Beauty of the
World,
Bending your tranced souls in wonder mute.
Pray that His Love may reach
Into your hearts through this mysterious way.
The Beauty of the World is God !'

The title of the volume is *As the Leaves Fall* (Macdonald ; 3s. 6d. net).

Willoughby Weaving.

The poem quoted in the Notes of Recent Exposition, beginning

I searched awhile the earth and skies,

is taken from Mr. Weaving's new volume entitled *Heard Melodies* (Blackwell ; 6s. net). It might

very well stand as an example of his poetry. For it has something of most of the merits of this true, graceful, sternly religious poet's work. But we shall quote another, saying as we do that this volume makes sure its author's place among the great poets of our time :

BEYOND RECALL.

One who had walked awhile with Death,
And knew what he accomplisheth,
Having, amid the stress and strife,
Found death as common as the day
And, close as night, had put away
The fallacy of life.

Where men fell thick, like sheaves beside
The shrewd machine that reaped and tied,
And life was left like stubble bare,
He could but see with inner sight
That life was but a thing how slight,
And death a thing how fair.

How empty seemed those husks of men
That ne'er would lift their hands again
Nor fill with thought those faces grim ;
But Death was present with them, more
Than life had been, and closer bore
Them now in love to him.

He did not wish that they would rise
And move their silly hands and eyes :
He almost feared their bodies yet,
Lest they should claim their inmates fair,
And draw them struggling from the air,
And force them to forget.

The beauty of their bodies now,
That once he loved, he knew not how
Till Death had left it overthrown ;
He envied lest it might entice
Their souls again from Paradise,
And snatch them from his own.

He watched while men with tender skill
Sought signs of life within them still,
Despairing at their hope ; and when
They ceased and bound the hands and feet,
A joy and great compassion sweet
Filled up his soul again.

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